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THE CZAR'S VISIT.

ONE of the first objects in life to the ruler of a great country who happens to possess an active and intelligent mind must be to gather a wide and varied experience. Even the Emperor of RUSSIA must recognize that his knowledge of life would not be quite complete without his personally ascertaining how royalty is received in England. He could not picture to himself, unless by coming and observing, the minute interest and affectionate admiration which every detail of his visit awakens in our national bosom. Of course he knows what going to foreign capitals means as a general rule. He has been to Berlin, for example, more than once lately; but then everything is done there so differently. At Berlin it would have been thought enough to say that the CZAR arrived, and was met by his daughter. We do not like this bald, unimpassioned way of doing things. The CZAR, if he has had a moment's leisure to look at the English papers, will find our style of announcement about him much fuller and richer. He will read a record of every movement of his body and every twinkle of his eye from the time his yacht first came in sight at Dover. He will have the gratification of learning that he was closely watched, and that the ease and adroitness with which, as the vessel neared the pier, he performed the double task of bowing courteously to the mob and intimating his fatherly delight at the sight of his daughter, was considered eminently satisfactory by the most competent judges. He may even gather a little as to what happened before his arrival, and he may read with fatherly pride that his daughter, as the train neared Dover, was noticed to be sitting in her carriage so as to command a view of the sea, thus adroitly avoiding the natural mistake of staring straight into the Dover cliffs in the hope of seeing the Imperial yacht in that direction. The CZAR, too, is known to be a most amiable Sovereign. Prince BISMARCK says he is amiable—and a Sovereign whom Prince BISMARCK thinks amiable must be very amiable indeed—and he cannot help feeling a little pity for the poor disappointed people of Gravesend; and especially for the Mayor, who got indeed a telegram of condolence, and yet was not more than a very little comforted for the absence of the CZAR. Perhaps, however, it will not be possible for a foreign Prince newly arrived here, however naturally gifted he may be, to understand all that is conveyed to the minds of Englishmen by the conception of a Mayor who got a telegram from the PRINCE of WALES, and yet in the midst of his joy had room in his mind for other and sadder feelings. Thus, though he may not quite appreciate all that we feel for him, we may be sure that the CZAR will enjoy the heartiness and warmth of the reception that will be given him. He cannot fail to see that we wish to give him plenty of occupation and amusement, and will honestly do our best to save him the tedium of a moment's leisure. He will go to Woolwich and the Crystal Palace, and see our public buildings and our troops, and as much as Mr. WARD HUNT will own to be visible of a phantom navy. The streets will be decorated profusely, and he will at least have one advantage over most of his English admirers, for he will be able to understand what the Russian inscriptions mean which the spread of international learning has begun already to sprinkle so freely on banners and flags. The City, too, will once more show the resources of its gorgeous hospitality, under the zealous superintendence of the LORD MAYOR, who may be trusted to do his very best, not perhaps without a sweet secret hope that, if he does very well, his name may be placed on the rapidly increasing roll

of baronets next after that of Sir JOHN KELK. Indeed the CZAR's visit may be pronounced a success almost before it has really begun.

There is, however, a drop of bitterness even in the most honied cup, and it may occur to the CZAR—or, if such trifles are beneath the serene notice of royalty, to some of his suite—that, however handsomely we treat him, there is not the same gratifying amount of popular madness about him that there was last year about such a very small potentate as the SHAH. But this may be easily explained, if the Russians will but condescend to examine and admit our explanations. We were in a very peculiar state of mind just then; we were dead sick of the GLADSTONE Government, worn out with great measures, fluttered by Mr. LOWE and Mr. AYRTON, and longing for a good, silly, schoolboy holiday. Such states of mind are accidental in the history of a nation, and a reasonable amount of indulgence must be extended to them. And then the SHAH was not really like other Sovereigns. His peculiar charm lay in its being totally uncertain what he would do next, and in no fable as to his manners and habits being too wild for credulity to accept. There was always a chance that he had just been cutting off the head of a Vizier in a back drawing-room; and a Sovereign who wears the principal wealth of his kingdom outside him is unavoidably more stared at than an Emperor who merely in the quietest way gives a very handsome fortune to his daughter. Some allowance, too, must be made for our deep political designs, and for our persuasion that, if we did but give the SHAH enough to eat and drink and look at, he would somehow make Persia a bulwark in our behalf against the aggressive tendencies of Russia. Besides, there is always more fun in making much of a small thing than in rendering a respectful tribute of admiration to a great thing. There was a sort of humour in treating the SHAH as if he were a person in the *Arabian Nights*, suddenly raised by the Caliph from the dust and ordered to be mounted on a white horse, and paraded about the streets as the new favourite and the intended bridegroom of the Caliph's daughter. We had our fun and enjoyed it, but we also made a little fun of our quaint guest. The Russians would not wish the great CZAR to be treated in this way. England recognizes in Russia an equal; and it is only disclosing a secret known to all the world when it is said that Russia and the United States are the only Powers of which England is in any degree afraid. Not that some other Powers are not, in their way, very powerful, but these are the only two Powers that can do us much harm, and can get at us or our possessions. We cannot make a joke, even in the most good-humoured way, of the ruler of Russia. Serious thoughts unavoidably crowd on our minds even while we give him our best in the way of entertainments and show. He may yet be the man, or he may be the father of the man, who will some day make a dash for the great prize of Constantinople, or menace India through Afghanistan. There is little present distrust of Russia, and over-anxiety about the future is always a mistake. The CZAR can therefore be received with honest cordiality; but there must necessarily be something sober and grave in our manner of receiving him.

An ardent French Imperialist has lately written a Life of the young PRINCE IMPERIAL, and, as biographical incidents are not very numerous in the career of a lad of eighteen, the author is obliged to make the most of such materials as his memory or his fancy may supply. He is accordingly very minute in his account of the demonstrations of kindness and affection which the King of PRUSSIA bestowed on the

heir of the EMPEROR when he visited Paris in 1867. Did King WILLIAM, the author indignantly asks, even when three years later he was killing and burning and pillaging right and left in France, think of the caresses he had interchanged with that sweet and promising child? No one can say, although to guess is not difficult; but at any rate these agreeable recollections did not exercise the smallest influence on the KING's conduct. Royal visits and the amenities of Royal hospitality cannot be expected to affect very profoundly the policy of great nations. All we can say is that they tend to establish those relations of friendliness which are so far an obstacle to war that it costs an additional pang to break them. Nor is it a matter of slight importance that in England the reception of the CZAR is the affair, not only of the QUEEN and her family, but of the nation, or, at least, of the capital. A great many persons of all ranks will be better disposed towards Russia at the end of the CZAR's visit than at the beginning, and although this may be an evanescent feeling, it is of somewhat greater political importance than caresses bestowed in the seclusion of a palace on a child. The CZAR will perhaps do us the justice to recognize that no nation was ever less disposed to bear grudges than the English. He is the only Sovereign living who has subjected England to indisputable humiliation. Whether we were forced to give way ignominiously in the case of the *Alabama* Arbitration may be a matter for fair argument; but no one can doubt that when Russia took advantage of the French war to declare abrogated a provision of the Treaty of Paris which we had lavished our blood and treasure to obtain, it gave England a slap in the face, which we did not resent simply because we did not know how to show our resentment effectually. More recently we have been disquieted by the discrepancy between the promises and the performances of the CZAR in regard to the treatment of Khiva. Here, again, we did not see our way to do more than remark that Russia always gets advantages in one mode or another. But as peace has been preserved, and as Englishmen see that, so far as anything has as yet gone, it may be honourably preserved, there is no sulking or antipathy, and the nation wishes to show that it can forget what it has been obliged to forgive. Fortunately the task of bearing this burden of charity has been lightened to us lately by the union of the Royal families; but nothing perhaps tends to make it so easy to bear in the presence of the CZAR as the remembrance of his high personal qualities, and of the benefits which his enlightenment and his sympathy with the suffering multitude have enabled him to confer on his subjects.

HOUSEHOLD SUFFRAGE IN COUNTIES.

MR. TREVELYAN can scarcely have been disappointed by the rejection of his Bill for establishing household suffrage in the counties; and he had every reason to be gratified by the tone of the debate. From the mover to the PRIME MINISTER, almost every speaker discussed the question with unconscious or deliberate indifference to the practical results of a further extension of the franchise. Mr. NEWDEGATE unfortunately provoked ridicule by his alarms on the subject of Popery; but he may claim the credit of having almost alone discussed the probable consequences of handing over the counties to the labourers. The triumph of the Conservative party at the late election has greatly diminished the impediments to the success of Mr. TREVELYAN's agitation. The unexpected operation of household suffrage in the boroughs, combined with secret voting, has weakened the just dread of the sovereignty of numbers which had been previously entertained. Mr. DISRAELI himself has discovered that Mr. TREVELYAN is justified as a member of the Opposition in promoting a Bill which it would, according to the same authority, have been culpable to introduce when he was a supporter of the Ministry. Mr. GLADSTONE's restless activity in disturbing existing institutions had united a large part of the community in distaste to any proposal of his Government which might tend to constitutional change. It seems now to be thought that, because Mr. DISRAELI has for once succeeded in lighting on his feet, there is no longer any risk in a succession of leaps in the dark. Mr. TREVELYAN and other democratic politicians probably listened with contemptuous amusement to the admission of their adversaries that the extension of household suffrage to the counties was only a question of time. Mr. DISRAELI professed confidence that ratepayers in the country would be

as trustworthy as in towns; nor was it easy to learn from his elaborate phrases whether he entertained any serious objection to the division of the country into equal electoral districts. Mr. NEWDEGATE's blunt, and probably exaggerated, prophecy that the change would lead to a republic or a despotism, approached more nearly to statesmanship than Mr. DISRAELI's far-fetched excuses. It would indeed be a grave, if not a ruinous, innovation to abolish the representation of boroughs, and to disfranchise political minorities by the creation of equal and uniform districts.

The newfangled doctrine that the franchise has by the legislation of 1867 been converted from a trust into a personal property is due to Mr. GLADSTONE's extemporaneous ingenuity. It would be more correct to assert that, before and after the last Reform Bill, the suffrage was not so much a trust or a property as an instrument for promoting good government. That a man on one side of a brook or a wall should have a vote while his equally meritorious neighbour on the other side has none, is not an anomaly except on the assumption that the possession of the franchise is a privilege. Experience shows that constituencies may be too large or too small; and it is for practical legislators to secure as far as possible the conditions which are most favourable to the election of competent members. If household suffrage is made universal on the ground of the injustice of arbitrary distinctions, the claim of those who are not householders will be logically strengthened. Mr. TREVELYAN and those who share his opinions are perfectly consistent in their endeavour to obtain a concession which will render their further aims more easy of accomplishment; but it is a melancholy spectacle to watch the complicity of Conservative politicians with the schemes of their most formidable opponents. No speaker in the debate recognized the truism that, since the whole amount of political power is a constant quantity, the electoral influence which is given to a new class of voters must be taken from some portion of the existing body. It is natural that the working people of the towns should desire the reinforcement of their own ranks by a large addition to the number of electors living on weekly wages. Those who hold that property would be equally secure after the transfer of the county representation to the labourers will do well to notice Mr. FORSTER's hint that land tenure, among other questions, will be most advantageously considered in a Parliament elected by uniform household suffrage. The silent members, and especially the representatives of the farmers, were probably influenced by entirely different reasons from those which were advanced by the PRIME MINISTER and by other professed exponents of their opinions. It is a rash experiment to confer absolute political supremacy on the class which possesses no realized property. It has been often remarked that popular suffrage in England is more democratic, and may be more revolutionary, than in any other civilized country. English artisans are far richer than Continental peasants; but on a superficial view it may seem to them that they have less to lose than petty freeholders. Mr. DISRAELI, who in some parts of his speech might have been mistaken for one of Mr. TREVELYAN's supporters, asserted, and forgot to prove, that the majority of new household voters in counties would not consist of agricultural labourers. As all the small farmers and village shopkeepers already possess the franchise, it is difficult to conjecture the qualification of the householders to whom Mr. DISRAELI refers.

The defeat of the Bill by 114 votes, nearly doubling the estimated Ministerial majority, is so far satisfactory that it disposes of the question during the continuance of the present Parliament. It would seem that Mr. DISRAELI still bankers after the opportunity of forcing his reluctant followers into another constitutional experiment; but it also appears that the bulk of his party will have nothing to do with Mr. TREVELYAN's proposal, and of the late Ministry only Mr. FORSTER and Mr. STANSFELD voted for the Bill. No profound sagacity is needed for the reflection that the Conservative party owes its present prosperity to an accidental combination of circumstances. Four or five years hence the Government may have become unpopular; some opponent may have devised a plausible pretext for agitation; and, above all, the voters who were enfranchised in 1867 may, under the guidance of skilful managers and eloquent demagogues, have discovered the secret of their strength. The counties alone may be safely reckoned on by the Conservative party, as long as the franchise is retained at its present moderate limit. If

all the landowners and all the farmers are practically disfranchised by becoming a minority, it is impossible to foresee the character of a new Parliament. The boroughs of moderate size also have reason to fear that they may be absorbed into equal electoral districts. Whether a revolutionary change in the constitution of the House of Commons would immediately lead to subversive legislation is a question which would probably depend on the wider or narrower prevalence of feelings of discontent; but demagogues and agitators make no secret of their ulterior designs. The House of Lords, the Established Church, the tenure of land, and the law of inheritance would all be at the mercy of the equalized constituencies in which Mr. DISRAELI hypothetically reposes perfect confidence. Democratic institutions in a prosperous country where social equality deprives envy of its natural sustenance, produce, as is shown by the example of the United States, nothing worse than political indifference, party intrigue, and political corruption. Large and uniform constituencies with no passion or strong interest to stir them to activity are inevitably manipulated by professional politicians, themselves among the least estimable of mankind. General BUTLER is the consummate flower and typical representative of democracy under favourable conditions. The Americans are not proud of their most conspicuous politician; but they may boast that he and the class to which he belongs are powerless to interfere with their freedom or seriously to interrupt their prosperity. England, with its narrow space, with its historical inequalities, and its broad social and economical differences, is not in the same enviable condition of stable equilibrium. It is only from weakness and carelessness that the upper and middle classes can incline to subject themselves to the absolute control of the numerical majority which maintains itself by wages. In the present House of Commons it would seem that scarcely a single member has the courage to avow the opinions which nevertheless determined the rejection of Mr. TREVELYAN'S Bill. The debate was extremely damaging to the party of resistance, not through the force of the arguments used by Mr. TREVELYAN and Mr. FORSTER, but because Mr. DISRAELI and other opponents of the measure admitted the principle which they declined to apply. If the country would be better governed by uniform or universal suffrage, the franchise ought at once to be extended. It is frivolous to pretend that the refusal of the vote to agricultural labourers is founded on belief in their fitness to use it well.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL ON THE FAMINE.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL'S Minute on his visit to Tirhoot is now more than six weeks old, but it is still the most interesting and suggestive document which has been published about the Indian famine. It shows how great have been the difficulties which the Government have had to meet, how immense has been the energy displayed in meeting them, and how grave are the problems arising out of the fact that they have been met. The district in which the famine has been most severe is inhabited by a poor and quiet race, who ordinarily give little trouble, and so call for little of the machinery of government. One young man has had the whole charge of a subdivision, with a population perhaps of not much less than a million. Consequently when the famine threw a great part of this population on the hands of the Government, there was hardly any one to take the charge of it. The Governments both of Bengal and of India have done their best to supply this deficiency. In Bengal the districts not threatened with famine were almost stripped of their staff, and by this means 181 officers were sent to Behar for relief work. The Government sent 260 officers more, including many soldiers and others specially engaged. Still this supplementary agency was not, and could not be, uniformly efficient. The new staff was energetic and painstaking, but it lacked that intimate knowledge of the people and of agrarian affairs which only familiarity with the country can give. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL is of opinion that in this state of things more use ought to have been made of indigenous and voluntary agency, but he admits that indigenous agency of the best kind was especially hard to find in Behar, from the absence of a middle class, and from the disinclination of many of the zemindars to do their duty. On the other hand, the village organization in Behar is more complete than in Bengal. The late census was almost entirely taken by the head men of the villages,

and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL looks to the same machinery for the preparation of a census of the poverty-stricken persons in each village, and for the administration of the system by which their wants are to be relieved. Indeed village organization of some kind must be introduced into the relief operations. The three main forms of Government relief, public works, charitable allowances, and advances to cultivators, all demand an amount of detailed and individual knowledge of the persons relieved which cannot be attained without it. When first a rush is made to the works it is as much as the officials can do to get all the labourers relieved. But though Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL thinks that these sudden rushes indicate real want and rapidly approaching famine, he points out that when the merest pretence of work is paid for, the mode of life presents irresistible attractions for an indolent race, and the number of labourers is in danger of becoming absolutely overwhelming. To prevent this the multitude must be sifted out according to their families, villages, and tracts of country, and those who can and will work must be separated from those who are not able to work or who wish to go home. The former class must be employed under Public Works officers, and full wages be paid to them in return for real work. The latter class should be employed as far as possible in the neighbourhood of their homes.

The aim of all this organization is thus described by Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL:—"When the arrangements we are now making in the most distressed districts are complete, I trust that we shall be able to lay our hand on each person requiring relief according to his residence and circumstances. We shall be able to say in each village, Here are so many persons found to be fit objects for charitable relief; so many are doing work of some sort; so many are receiving a charitable allowance of food; so many have received or will receive advances to enable them to continue their cultivation; so many residents of this village are absent working on such a public work. On the public works again I hope we shall be able to say, Here is a gang from such a pergunnah and a gang from such another pergunnah; so many (name by name) from such a village, and so many from such another." The distribution of charitable relief is to be left as much as possible to the local relief committees, each member of which ought to undertake to look after a certain area or number of houses or families, so as to ensure that no one shall die for want of the food which the Government is ready and waiting to supply. Cooked food is to be given at once to all starving persons. After their immediate wants have been relieved, either uncooked food or the money wherewith to buy it is to be given to those who are found to really require it. The advantage of cooked food is that it constitutes a rough test of destitution. "It is clear that the people of Behar will not accept this form of relief in any number till they are very much straitened"—their refusal, however, being apparently due, not to caste scruples, but simply to a timid dislike of doing anything which they are not accustomed to do. The very poor who depend entirely on public charity are to receive one part of pulses and other nitrogenous grain with every three parts of rice; but as regards those above actual pauperism, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL hopes that they will be able to find this nitrogenous element for themselves, the famine being mainly a rice famine, and the bazaars containing an abundance of other grains. This expectation has not proved true, at all events not universally, for a letter from the Correspondent of the *Daily News* mentions that at Bettiah, in the district of Champaran, there is no longer any bazaar for food, and that the people ask eagerly at the Government store for grain other than rice—a demand which at the date of his letter there was no mode of supplying.

By these means Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL hopes to carry the people over the dry season. When the rains begin, a new set of difficulties will present themselves. It will be no longer possible to go on with public works on a large scale, and, even if it were possible, the labourers would be wanted for agricultural operations. In former famines, when the Government has given relief on a moderate scale, and guarded it by severe tests, the able-bodied labourers have been glad enough to go home as soon as there was any work waiting for them when they got there. But in the present famine relief is being given on a far more liberal scale and less hedged in by strict tests, and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL evidently fears that the effect of feeding a large part of the population in return for little more than

nominal labour may be to indispose them for harder work, and consequently to make it difficult to get rid of them even when they are really wanted elsewhere. It is partly with a view of meeting this difficulty that he lays so much stress on the system of village organization. "If we knew who our labourers are, where they reside, and where they work, we may be able to say to a poor man when the rains commence, We now know that you are no impostor, but a person willing to work for your bread; we can't employ you longer, it would ruin the country if we could; here is a couple of months' supply of food; we give you that; take it home; but now you must support yourself, we have done with you." Ryots employed on the public works should be dealt with in the same way, except that in their case wages may be advanced at an earlier period so as to enable them to go home and start their cultivation as soon as it is possible for them to do so. In North Behar there are many ryots of a higher class who have not been employed on the public works, but who yet are too poor to carry on the work of another season and pay their labourers without some assistance from the Government. In dealing with this class it will be expedient, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL thinks, to draw a line between those who may fairly be expected to repay advances and can give sufficient security and those to whom an advance will really be, not a loan, but a gift. It is of great importance not to shake the credit system of the country, and therefore, wherever there is not a good prospect of repayment, it will be best to make the advance a gift in name as well as in fact. As regards those ryots who can give good security, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL thinks that the necessary advances had best be made, not through the Government, which has no machinery for the purpose, but through Zemindars, where they have the means or the will to give assistance, and through native money-lenders, where the agency of the Zemindar cannot for any reason be employed.

The very completeness of these arrangements furnishes matter for grave anxiety. If to deal with a famine requires so vast a system of organization, and famines recur as frequently as heretofore, the strain on the Government of India must be immense. It is bad enough to have to rule a country in which the population is dense and the means of subsistence small, but the difficulty is immeasurably increased when a great part of this dense population may any year be reduced to starvation by an unusually dry season. Former famines were not very costly, because the preparations made against them were few. But if every famine is to be encountered with the thoroughness which has characterized the action of all the Governments concerned in dealing with the present one, the whole subject of Indian finance will have to be reconsidered. If the cost of feeding the people during a famine is to be borne by the Government, the reasons against entering upon a very large outlay on public works necessarily cease to hold good. It may be cheaper—though even that is doubtful—to spend no money in warding off famine, provided that famine when it comes saddles the Government with no very large additional burden. But it does not follow that it is cheaper to spend no money in warding off famine, if a famine when it comes means many millions, or the interest on many millions, out of the pocket of the Government. It is exceedingly important, of course, that India should be self-supporting, that she should borrow money on her own credit and pay the interest and repay the principal out of her own revenues. But the question by whom the cost of preventing famines is to be borne need not influence the determination to prevent them. If that can be done, it must be a cheaper policy in the end, and whether the cost ultimately falls upon the Government of India or upon the Home Government, it will be desirable that it should be as small as possible. Where calamities come in such proportions as the Bengal famine, a mere hand to mouth policy can never conduce to economy.

ENGLISH POLICY IN AFGHANISTAN.

LORD DERBY gave the only possible answer to Lord NAPIER and ETRICK's recent question; and if his guarded language produces an uncomfortable impression, the result of the conversation was perhaps unavoidable. It would be unreasonable to blame Lord DERBY for not possessing the natural air of frankness and candour which always enabled Lord PALMERSTON at the same time to baffle unseasonable

curiosity and to give general satisfaction. The present head of the Foreign Office sometimes provokes uneasy suspicions by exhibiting in his language and manner even more scrupulous caution than that which he is bound to exercise in his conduct. The open countenance and close thoughts recommended in the Italian proverb are born with some statesmen, and are scarcely to be acquired by study. The newsmongers of Paris and Berlin were lately occupied for some days in the task of divining the secret which they erroneously thought to be contained in Lord DERBY's conventional answer to Lord RUSSELL. The relations of the Indian Government with Afghanistan are more practically important than mere speculations on the future policy of Germany and France, and consequently they are less convenient subjects of Parliamentary discussion. Lord DERBY was perfectly right in refusing to define the responsibility which may arise from the understanding of last year between England and Russia. Lord NAPIER, indeed, observed with perfect truth that the diplomatic demarcation of a boundary must be a political fact, and not merely a geographical proposition. Prince GORTCHAKOFF's acceptance of the limits assigned by Lord GRANVILLE to the territory of Afghanistan involved a pledge that the provinces to the south of the frontier should be exempt from Russian interference. It may also be contended that the English Government undertook some kind of obligation with respect to the Afghan dominions. Prince GORTCHAKOFF closed the correspondence with an intimation that he understood England to have assumed the protectorate of Afghanistan. In future controversies on the subject the Russian Government will refer, as may best suit its immediate purpose, either to Lord GRANVILLE's tacit acquiescence or to Mr. GLADSTONE's injudicious protest.

It is not surprising that Lord NAPIER, who was lately Governor of an Indian Presidency, should have disapproved of Mr. GLADSTONE's impetuous timidity; and his criticism on a speech delivered about the same time by Lord DERBY was in itself not unjust. A politician of high rank who has held the office of Foreign Minister retains a portion of official responsibility. It was unnecessary for Lord DERBY in 1873 to express a hope that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government would not be tempted into an extension of the English dominions to the North of India. No Cabinet has been less inclined to embark in daring and ambitious enterprises. The Russian Government is probably well aware that the policy of Lord GRANVILLE has descended to Lord DERBY, and that both Ministers have been equally disinclined to encounter unnecessary risks. It is unlucky that those who represent the most peaceable of ancient and modern communities should incessantly proclaim their aversion to any policy which may possibly lead to war. The Indian Government, which, possessing an army, has also a definite policy, understands that peace is secured by careful precaution, and not by an ostentatiously inoffensive demeanour. As Lord NAPIER said, the Viceroy has for several years been engaged in efforts to secure the alliance of the Afghan ruler; and apparent repudiation of that policy naturally causes embarrassment and weakness. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord DERBY were led into rashness by excessive caution; but the mischief which may have been effected by their speeches is done; and there is little use in reviving the discussion after an interval in which their language may have been partially forgotten. Mr. GLADSTONE's declaration that no material interference with the Afghan Government would in any event be attempted will certainly not prevent either English Ministers or Indian Viceroy from discharging a duty which may perhaps be imperative. In certain cases the AMEER must be controlled, and it is easy to imagine contingencies in which he would be entitled to protection. If Lord NAPIER had been a member of a Cabinet confidentially discussing Asiatic affairs, his reasoning would have been appropriate as well as forcible. In the House of Lords, his appeal to the Government inevitably produced a repetition of the language which he disapproved.

Both Lord DERBY and Lord GRANVILLE properly affirmed the inexpediency of asking or of answering hypothetical questions as to occurrences which may perhaps never arise. States and Governments ought always to reserve their full discretion, and to avoid premature pledges. It is unfortunately difficult to deny the existence of an obligation without suggesting the conclusion that the liability would in no contingency be voluntarily undertaken. The Government may perhaps not be bound to support the Ameer of CABUL against oppression; but it might nevertheless be

come expedient to render assistance which could not be demanded as of right. As Lord DERBY observed, every quarrel has two sides and two parties; and until the merits of the controversy and the position of the disputants are known, the expediency of interference can scarcely be defined. An unprovoked invasion of Afghanistan by a Russian army would certainly lead to war with England; but there would probably have been some kind of provocation; and the risk could only be averted by the assumption of control over the Government and the country. Lord DERBY explained, with almost superfluous clearness, the difficulty of making a statement which would not expose him to misinterpretation. If he told the simple truth that the Government could not tell how it might act in unknown circumstances, he might be as truly told that he had no policy. If he promised to protect Afghanistan, he would have undertaken a serious responsibility; and if he declared that he would not protect it, the AMEER would probably be induced to look for allies elsewhere. On the whole, great questions of national policy are seldom proper subjects of public debate. Lord NAPIER was in the right; but he ought not to have called attention to the ambiguity or the feebleness of official declarations. Lord DERBY was in the right in refusing to give a definite answer, but it would have been better that he should not explain in detail his reasons for reserve.

Notwithstanding his laudable repugnance to committing himself, Lord DERBY concluded his speech with a declaration which may perhaps have satisfied Lord NAPIER. While he denied that the AMEER had any right to claim moral or material support from England, he intimated that the Government would regard interference with Afghanistan as a grave matter, involving serious danger to the peace of India. "I think," he added, "if such an interference occurred, to put the matter mildly, it is highly probable that this country would interpose." In the meantime, as the Russians contended when they annexed Khiva in violation of the pledges given through Count SCHOUVALOFF, a prophecy is not a promise; and it may remain unfulfilled without a breach of faith. Lord DERBY's estimate of contingent probability may perhaps be extended to that assumption of control which he earnestly deprecates. If the Afghan AMEER offers any unnecessary offence to the Russians, or to the tribes under their protection, the Indian Government will, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE's statement, not fail to enforce on him the necessity of prudence. It would be highly undesirable that the Afghans should believe that their territory is absolutely guaranteed by England; but the AMEER and his advisers are probably acute enough to perceive that the solicitude of the English Government for their independence is not wholly disinterested. Although Lord NAPIER and Lord DERBY spoke of unprovoked aggression, the advances of Russian dominion, and not the motives for aggression, are the real subject of anxiety. Friendly relations with Russia will be most effectually secured by a distinct understanding which ought not to be rendered offensive by the use of threats. Lord DERBY's conjecture that in certain events interposition would become probable is sufficiently definite to be clearly understood. There will be no advantage in renewing the discussion, until some change of circumstances occurs. It is by no means certain that the Russians entertain any hostile designs against Afghanistan, or that they propose to tempt a conflict with the superior force which they would encounter on the frontier of India.

THE ARCHBISHOPS' BILL.

THE prominent feature of the debate on the ARCHBISHOPS' Bill was the unreality of the defence set up for a measure which only obtained a second reading on the preposterous condition that it was at once to be changed into something quite different. There was no mistake about Lord SHAFESBURY's meaning when he declared, as a Low Churchman, that, if he were sure that all Bishops for half a century would be Low Churchmen, he would still refuse to give them the powers claimed in the Bill; and if the prelates could find consolation in Lord SALISBURY's candid criticism, they are very easily pleased gentlemen. On the other hand, the defence rested on an ill-adjusted heap of contradictory and irrelevant positions. The ARCHBISHOPS devoted themselves to the paternal task of winning back Ritualists by hard scolding. Lord HARROWBY saw bogies, Lord HATHERLEY was sorely tried by much hymn-singing,

Lord SELBORNE gave the Bill a helping hand by adventuring a competing plan, and the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH performed the ingenious feat of defending it as a whole by attacking every provision in detail.

The one fact thrust into unblushing prominence by the Archbishopal sponsors and their attendant chorus was that the two-sided intention originally claimed for the measure was a mere pretence. They did not condescend to deal with it in any light except that of a club wherewith to brain Ritualism, always reserving for themselves the right of defining what was and what was not the accused thing. Herein resides the peculiar unfairness of the proposal, apart from all constitutional objections to an ecclesiastical revolution made in a way in which, in imitation of Mr. DISRAELI, we may call *harum-scarum*. Ritualism has undoubtedly succeeded in exciting very strong antipathies, particularly among persons who never come across it; and it is certain that claims are both advanced and put in practice on the part of some heated enthusiasts for a license in ceremonial wholly incompatible with the good order of a settled community such as the Church of England claims to be. But it is equally patent that this disorder represents the vicious excess of a movement which exists in its wholesome manifestations as a necessary component part of the whole Established Church. Society in England, as everywhere else, is more active as well as more artistic and less commonplace than it was half a century since, and the Church of England has conspicuously shared in the movement. The result of this development is a sharper definition than formerly existed of the parties—termed by Lord SALISBURY sacramental, emotional, and philosophic—into which Churchmen have distributed themselves; while the burden has fallen upon prelates and ministers of wisely keeping these parties together within an Establishment which is capable of containing all on the double condition of a defined minimum of restraint and an elastic maximum of toleration. Of these parties the sacramental or High Church is the one which on principle attaches most importance to the externals of worship as types of the unseen and as channels of grace to the worshipper's soul. We are not concerned with the truth or untruth of these principles. It is sufficient that they are held by a body of persons whose learning, abilities, virtues, and varied social position, not to talk of their large and increasing numbers, make their cheerful acquiescence in the *status in quo* indispensable for the cohesion of the Establishment. The empty charge of unpopularity, so often brought against them in place of argument, can be reasonably met by an appeal to the *furor* for church building and church restoration characteristic of the present generation, as palpable evidence of the hold which one portion at all events of their teaching has taken of the public mind. This party, as they acquired strength, found in the Prayer Book an unworked mine of devotional material, and they have elaborated out of it a far more artistic system of worship than the rendering of that book which contented our grandfathers. At the same time the party have advanced reasons, some historical, some based upon the internal construction of the document itself, and others appealing to the personal wants and tastes of mankind, which are at least very weighty, for their being allowed, not to force their own type of worship upon the other parties, but to enjoy it for themselves in unmolested peace. Here comes in the so-called ritualistic difficulty. Evidence is adduced to show that the process of devotional development has gone on so far in certain minds as to have landed the innovators in practices neither deducible from the Prayer Book—nor even supplementary, though unknown, to it—but antagonistic to the principles which plainly governed the process under which it was moulded out of the older services of the Church before the Reformation. Those who are the most earnest advocates of prompt and decisive action are at the same time the most vehement in assuring their hearers that the number of these lawless nonconformists is very few. They are so anxious to persuade the world into letting them make their NASMYTH's hammer that they can never sufficiently insist that it will be only used in cracking nuts. Of course such a state of things calls for regulation and restraint; but it does not justify a *coup d'état*. We do not imagine that Mr. DISRAELI's majority would long hold together if he were to get up and, after appealing to the strikes and the locks-out, were to ask Parliament to repeal the *Habens Corpus* Act. Yet this is just what the ARCHBISHOPS are attempting to do.

More than that, they do not come into court with clean hands as arbitrators in the ritual difficulty. The one body which has made itself conspicuous for its ostentatious repudiation of all principles of mutual toleration is the Church Association. This combination of agitators approached the two ARCHBISHOPS last year with a clamorous appeal to them to put down such religious practices as the Association was pleased to disapprove of—namely, the whole system of worship agreeable to the High Church party; and the Primates were so inconceivably weak as to fan the flame by an encouraging answer. How the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, after such an exhibition of partisanship, following as it did very closely upon the discredited PURCHAS Judgment, could have ventured to appeal to High Churchmen to “separate themselves” and become his accomplices in his crusade against Ritualism passes understanding. It is not that they approve of violations of the spirit of the Prayer Book on the side of excess any more than he does, while they may without vanity claim that they are rather more jealous of offences caused by defect. But they cannot trust the leadership of men who have already shown themselves so willing to obey the behests of the Church Association persecutors. They fear that any pledge which they may be coaxed into giving to check the growth of ultra-Ritualism may be appealed to as an honourable obligation on their part to abandon forms which they have at least as much right to enjoy as the Low or the Broad Churchman has to be left free to develop his own peculiarities. The fact which Lord SHAFTESBURY was acute enough to discover, that the Bill might be made equally efficacious in harassing Low Churchmen, is no palliation for its violation of natural equity towards the other side, unless it can be shown that two injustices make one justice.

The promoters of the Bill showed considerable adroitness, though not of a very high order, in catching at Lord SHAFTESBURY'S reference to what he considers the alarming growth of a system of compulsory confession in the Church of England analogous to that on which the Church of Rome insists, and which the Church of England at its reformation most wisely abandoned in favour of the absolute liberty to all its members of confessing or of declining to confess, not according to any ecclesiastical and external rule, or at the bidding of any other person, but as the soul knows its own bitterness. We do not believe that any system of obligatory confession can ever prevail in England as it now is or is ever likely to become. If it does, then, as Lord SHAFTESBURY truly said, such Bills as this of the ARCHBISHOPS will be wholly useless to grapple with the phenomenon. But certainly the one thing which is supremely ridiculous is the self-complacent fuss with which alleged abuses of the liberty of seeking that pastoral counsel which even Mr. SPURGEON—who would rather be called demon than priest—does not, we suppose, refuse to his flock, are encountered by ordering that there shall be no public confession boxes in any church. Ugly, strange, and unwise as these things may be, they certainly prevent the clergyman and his fair penitents from flirting, as the liberty of meeting in any private room, with which the ARCHBISHOP does not, because he cannot, interfere, can hardly be said to do. Lord SALISBURY and the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, at all events, showed how much more widely than the Metropolitans they could appreciate the real difficulties of the religious question, when they pleaded for recognition and toleration between different Church parties as the only escape; but we cannot help thinking that the Bishop's argument would have been both more forcible and more consistent if he had declined to encumber it with any perfunctory recommendations of a Bill which has died in the act of coming to life.

AFRICA.

A CHANGE of Ministry necessarily throws a veil over many transactions which would otherwise have provoked discussion and comment. We shall now never know whether the present Government could, if it had still remained in Opposition, have shown that the Ashantee war need not, if proper precautions had been taken, have ever happened. If Lord KIMBERLEY made any mistake, he has made a complete atonement for it by being turned out of office. The consideration of the past being, therefore, withdrawn from its sphere of inquiry, the Ministry has only had to consider whether we should continue to have a settlement on the Gold Coast or not. There are reasons

against our continuing there, of which both Lord CARNARVON and Lord KIMBERLEY recognized on Tuesday night the great force. The climate is deadly, the allies whom we should have been bound to protect deserted us, and the people we have conquered are recognized as infinitely better than the people we have been protecting. But, however good the reasons for going away from the Gold Coast may be, the reasons for staying there are reasons of the kind that make discussion practically superfluous. We should have to own ourselves beaten, and Englishmen do not like to do that. We should have attempted to govern and have failed. We should have set a precedent which might have tempted other barbarous or semi-barbarous nations to believe that, if they only gave trouble enough, we should be sure sooner or later to leave them to their own devices. Lord CARNARVON had really little choice. He might argue with himself in favour of abandoning the Gold Coast, but he probably knew all the time that he would end by deciding that the Gold Coast could not be abandoned. He could not, however, bring himself to admit that a resolution to which he felt obliged to come was necessarily an irrevocable one; and, after having proved that we must stay there, he hinted that the happy time might come when we could go away. The area of the British Protectorate is not to be extended until any reason is found for making it larger, and the protected tribes are to be independent so long as they do everything they are bid. In fact, it is settled that we shall stay there and see what happens; and when this is settled, it is easy to find excellent reasons for doing what we have settled to do. We shall put down human sacrifices, discourage slavery, open channels of trade, and make the Ashantees our friends, unless it turns out that we have reduced the Ashantees to the chaos in which Abyssinia was plunged after we had conquered the famous THEODORE. Possibly even we may improve the Fantees, who it appears have, according to Lord CARNARVON, perfectly wonderful powers of learning everything they wish to learn, although otherwise it must be owned that they are about as useless and intolerable a set of savages as could be found. We shall, it is to be hoped, make the dependency self-supporting, as its revenue has more than quadrupled since 1869, and we may, with good management, kill off comparatively very few Englishmen; and we can do much to make them tolerably happy and contented by giving them plenty of work, much real power, and satisfactory salaries while they contrive to live there, and a good pension when they die.

Lord CARNARVON sketched with an instructive minuteness the general character of the system of administration that he intends to set up, and his scheme deserves commendation, not only because it is a good one in itself, but also because it shows that English statesmen have begun to apply some of the principles of common sense to the government of rude populations. The experience of India has gradually told, and the fancy no longer prevails that the best way for Englishmen to govern inferior races is to set up a burlesque of English institutions. The Gold Coast is in future to be governed very much on the model of a Non-Regulation Province in India. There is to be a Governor, who is to be, if possible, a really good man, who is to be adequately paid, and who is to have a residence in the hills, so that he may have all the frail chances of health compatible with the climate, who is to have a small Council to help him, but who is to do pretty nearly what he pleases. Lagos is to be joined with the Gold Coast, while Gambia and Sierra Leone are separated from it, and three times a year the Governor and his Council are to hold Sessions at Lagos. There is to be a native force officered by a large staff of Englishmen, but neither British nor West India regiments are to be employed. Roads are to be made and kept open by an armed police, and any attempt to interrupt communications or to molest travellers is to be summarily and sternly punished. The official staff attached to the Governor is cut down to the lowest possible limit, but then all the officials are to be well paid, and to have pensions on the tropical scale. Hitherto, by one of those absurd regulations which, if they once creep into a service, go on for years unaltered simply because no great man has time to consider their absurdity, the officials of the Gold Coast have only received pensions on the English scale, as if the Gold Coast were in a healthy part of Northern Europe. Now this is to be altered; but the number of officials is so small that the total extra expense caused by

the augmentation of salaries and pensions will not, as Lord CARNARVON calculates, exceed 7,000*l.* a year; and while, as he justly says, Parliament must not expect that such a dependency as the Gold Coast can be governed well if it is governed too cheaply, yet he thinks the increasing revenue of the Gold Coast under a strong and stable Government will make the dependency self-supporting. All the nonsense of importing English legal institutions into such a community as that of African savages is to be got rid of. The negroes on the coast have hitherto, it appears, been favoured with the application to them of the English law of bankruptcy, a part of law perhaps more unintelligible than any other to Englishmen themselves, and which has simply had the effect on the blacks of suggesting to them new ways of cheating. Local self-government and juries are also henceforth to be denied to these interesting creatures, who have just perception enough of the institutions offered them to guess how they may be perverted. Still the Governor and his legal staff must have some law to follow and administer, and it would be much more satisfactory if a short and simple set of rules both of criminal and civil law were drawn up and made to take effect, such as Lord LAWRENCE had drawn up when he administered the Punjab, rather than that the English law should nominally prevail, be kept in the background, and replaced by any law which the sort of legal person who takes a judicial appointment at the Gold Coast is able to remember or invent. The whole scheme of government described by Lord CARNARVON is probably as good as could be suggested, and its merit is not diminished by the announcement which Lord CARNARVON felt bound to make, that he did not at present see his way to any attempt to put down domestic slavery in the Protectorate. One difficulty appears to be that the slaves have no wish whatever to be liberated, as they foresee the probability of dying by starvation; and under these circumstances our policy of emancipation ought, no doubt, to be cautious and slow.

It is not, however, only on the Western Coast of Africa that we are called on to interfere. We have our duties on the East Coast also, and a meeting under the presidency of Prince TECK has been held this week to recall these duties to the recollection of the Government and the public. As is always the case, the discharge of some duties has led us to bear new burdens of duty in Eastern Africa. We wish to stop the slave trade, and we find, as Sir BARTLE FREER reminded the meeting, that it is partly what we have done and done for the best that has fostered this trade. We invented the Sultan of ZANZIBAR, and it is he who has persisted in sheltering the trade until he was obliged by the sight of armed force to mend his ways. It is we who have cleared the Indian Sea of pirates, and thus relieved the slave vessels from one great obstacle to the prosecution of their enterprise. It is we who govern the country whence the Banian Indians of Zanzibar come to supply the capital for the trade, and who take care that their families and possessions are safe in India while they are making their fortunes. So, as it may be fairly argued, we are bound to take extra pains to put down the slave trade, which, however innocently, we have done much to call into activity. The only question is what we can do at something like a proportionate cost of men and money, and within reasonable limits. England is not likely to biggle too much in such a matter. Great nations, as Lord CARNARVON said, must do disagreeable duties without caring too much about money or results. But still when we are asked to suppress the East African slave trade, we must press for some definite answer to the question what we are supposed to be going to do. Mr. FORSTER said that he was an economist, but that still he would gladly support any proposal for increasing the amount of our naval force on the coast by two or three vessels. If this is all, most Englishmen would be delighted to pay the infinitesimal amount of extra taxation which this increased exertion of the national power would involve, and there are plenty of men who would be ready and even eager to be employed on what is not in itself a very inviting service. But Mr. STANLEY, who knows something of the country of which he was speaking, took a very different view of what was necessary. He did not think it nearly enough to try with a small naval force to prevent cargoes of slaves being shipped at some point of a long line of coast. He was for much more radical measures. He wanted the Sultan of ZANZIBAR to be made to keep a register of all inward-bound caravans, and to allow no one connected with the

slave trade to penetrate into the interior. He wanted a European Court to be set up to try the Banian traders on the spot; he wanted settlements to be provided on Lake Nyassa, and, generally speaking, the lake, rivers, and coast to be patrolled by a naval force. These means might, it is to be hoped, be efficacious, though expensive; and foreigners of all nations seem to be most anxious that efficacious and expensive means should be applied; but it is to be observed that they are unanimous in holding that England should do all the work and find all the money. We cannot hope quite to reach the high standard which intelligent foreigners set before us. Still we may go on in our own humble way, and strive to do the best we can within the limit of our power and our means.

FRANCE.

THE Duke of BROGLIE and the Right are like an engaged couple who are always quarrelling and always making up again. Their reconciliation can hardly be called a renewing of love, for by this time they probably detest each other as heartily as persons commonly do who, with quite different ends in view, find it necessary to work together for a time. But the link between them, though it is only one of convenience, is very hard to break. There has been scarcely any important debate in which rumours of a final quarrel have not been flying about, and whenever the Assembly has not been sitting some Legitimist deputy has usually taken occasion to commit his party to some formula which he thinks it impossible that the Duke of BROGLIE can accept. But with the decisive division has invariably come reflection. The Duke has not shown himself a rigid stickler for particular phrases, and even when he has seemed to commit himself to a policy in proposing a toast or in replying to a deputation, he has always succeeded in explaining it away in the tribune. Thus the ill-matched pair have gone on with more substantial agreement than is sometimes found between real friends. The truth is that they are very necessary to one another. No majority would, on the whole, suit the Duke of BROGLIE's purpose so well as the majority he has hitherto commanded; and if any other Minister were to come into the Duke of BROGLIE's place, the existing majority must altogether disappear. There are some even among the Duke's own colleagues who would prefer that the Ministry should lean upon the Centres and leave the Extremes to take their own course. In the eyes of the Duke of BROGLIE this policy has one fatal demerit. It would mean the definitive organization of the Conservative Republic, and the Duke, though he has abandoned a good many convictions, is still faithful to the theory of Constitutional Monarchy. Somewhere in the unknown future he still hopes that there may be a chance for the Count of PARIS, and, if the Republic were to be adopted as the acknowledged Government of France, this door might be finally closed. The more Conservative such a Republic was, the more likely it would be to have this effect. There must still be many Frenchmen even in the Left Centre itself who cherish unspoken misgivings as to the possibility of such a Republic as M. THIERS used to promise them. So long as their doubts are not removed, they are a latent source of strength to the Orleanist party. They have no love for Royalty as personified in the Count of CHAMBOARD. The Fleur de Lys and the State coach and the white charger are thrown away upon them. But they would like an Orleanist King, if he could be had, not because they hold kings to be hedged about with any special divinity, but because they regard them as useful institutions for the hedging about of property. A few years' experience of a successful Republic might modify this view, and when the Count of PARIS offered himself as a candidate for their support, they might answer that the Republic had turned out so much better than expectation that they had no desire to change it. If these useful but unromantic supporters are to be kept in tow the Government must be prevented from taking too definite a shape. That shape cannot at this moment be Monarchical, and it would be most dangerous to allow it to be Republican. So far the Right and the Duke of BROGLIE are agreed. Where they part company is on the means by which the evil day is to be postponed. The Right wish that everything should be left unsettled in order that the Count of CHAMBOARD may be able to take instant advantage of any unforeseen opportunity.

The Duke of BROGLIE, not being specially interested in the Count of CHAMBORD's fortunes, wishes a provisional organization, during which the COUNT would have time to grow old, and to appreciate the blessings of such repose as might be secured by abdication. The Duke wants to get as much provisional organization as is compatible with retaining his majority; the Right want to get as little as is compatible with not displacing the Duke of BROGLIE. Neither will yield everything to the other, because to do so would be to give up the very things that each thinks most worth fighting for; but both are probably willing to yield a good deal rather than risk the evils which would to all appearance follow upon a rupture.

The immediate questions which divide the Right and the PRIME MINISTER are the provisions for the transfer of the executive power in the event of Marshal MACMAHON's place becoming vacant from any cause, and the time at which the new Electoral Law is to be brought forward in the Chamber. The provisions for the transfer of the executive power are contained in the Bill creating a Second Chamber. Supposing Marshal MACMAHON to die or to resign his office, the President of the Grand Council will immediately convoke the two Chambers for the purpose of electing a successor, but this successor need not take the title of President of the Republic, nor need his powers be limited as Marshal MACMAHON'S are limited. This arrangement does not quite square with the views either of the Royalists or of the Republicans. The Royalists, at least the Legitimist Royalists, dislike the admission that the throne is to remain vacant during the whole of Marshal MACMAHON'S tenure of office. They wish to be able to propose a Restoration whenever it pleases them, without having to wait for Marshal MACMAHON'S death or retirement, and the subsequent convocation of a Constituent Congress by the President of the Grand Council. The Republicans dislike the postponement of the definitive recognition of the Republic, and the distinct acknowledgment that the system which is to succeed the Septennate need not be a Republic at all. But, on the whole, the Bill is calculated to satisfy Royalists rather than Republicans. The Republicans, if the Duke of BROGLIE would let them, could organize the Republic. The Royalists, even if the Duke of BROGLIE gave his consent, could not bring about a Restoration. Consequently the postponement of a definitive settlement is more in the interest of the Royalists than of the Republicans. The latter have to resign what is almost within their grasp; the former have to resign what there is not the slightest chance of their at present obtaining. It is probable that this distinction will commend itself to the Right, and that when the Bill for creating the Grand Council and investing its President with the proposed functions is brought forward, they will give it a grudging support. The majority thus kept together are still strong enough to carry any measure through the Chamber, even if the minority were united in opposing it. As a matter of fact, however, the minority will not be united. Cautious Republicans will, on the whole, be thankful that the existence of the Republic is assured for the present, and will look forward to the eventual defeat of the Duke of BROGLIE on some less critical issue, and to his possible replacement by a Minister of less monarchical tendencies.

The question whether the new Electoral Law is to be debated immediately touches the Right more nearly. They are certainly not in love with universal suffrage, and they must be quite aware that successive partial elections under the present law will in the end completely change the character of the Assembly. Against this, however, is to be set their extreme dread of a dissolution, which would entirely scatter their forces; and they fear that, if the Duke of BROGLIE were better pleased with the composition of the electorate, he might be less unwilling to try the experiment. The Bill for creating a Second Chamber vests the power of dissolution in the President of the Republic, acting with the consent of the Grand Council; and as even the Extreme Right can hardly deny that a representative Assembly must sometimes submit itself to the judgment of its constituents, this provision will probably be adopted. In that case the next time that the Right wishes to put a pressure on the Government, the Duke of BROGLIE might answer that, rather than submit to be coerced in the present Chamber, he would try his fortune in a new one. Or, supposing the Duke to want to put a pressure upon the Right, he might remind them that, if he resigned, his successor would at once resort to a dissolution, in order to set himself free from a tyranny which had been greater than even the

Duke of BROGLIE could bear. As there is a general agreement on the part of all sections of the majority that a dissolution must not be risked until the constituencies have been properly purged of their Radical elements, or at all events have undergone the weeding process which it is hoped will have this effect, the postponement of the Electoral Law would save the Right from being exposed to these possible dilemmas. Their wish, therefore, is that the new municipal law shall be brought forward first, and as the discussion of this would probably occupy the remainder of the Session, the evil day would be put off till November. It is doubtful, however, whether the Duke of BROGLIE will consent to this; and if he perseveres in placing the Electoral Law at the head of his list of measures, the Right will probably give way. The reasons which lead them to dislike the Bill are not such as can be avowed, except by a few reckless partisans, and it is difficult to oppose a Minister who can hardly be done without upon no assignable grounds. On the whole, therefore, the chances are that the present quarrel between the Duke of BROGLIE and the Right will, like many previous quarrels, be patched up at the last moment.

LORD REDESDALE'S MOTION.

A MOTION of Lord REDESDALE'S which gave rise some days ago to a short conversation in the House of Lords involved a principle more important than the not inconsiderable interests which it directly affected. The House of Lords wisely declined to pass a resolution relating to the duty of Select Committees which would not even have controlled their proceedings. Lord REDESDALE proposed to declare that compulsory powers ought not to be granted to Railway Companies for the construction of lines intended to accommodate private persons. The Duke of RICHMOND properly declared that, as a member of a Committee, he would not consider himself bound by any resolution of the kind. The House of Lords entrusts to Committees the judicial duty of balancing private interests against public wants, and it would be an anomaly to instruct them that any kind of property is to receive special protection, or that a certain kind of public utility may not justify expropriation. It is perhaps to be regretted that the Duke of RICHMOND and several other peers should have expressed their approval of the theory which Lord REDESDALE proposed to enforce by a general rule. It is scarcely possible that the case to which the resolution referred should actually occur. Railway Companies are not in the habit of projecting branches leading to the doors of private houses for the convenience of owners. Where their object is to afford an outlet to goods or minerals, it is inaccurate to describe their undertaking as tending exclusively to the benefit of private persons. Producers may be few, and any one or more of their number may be invidiously described as private persons; but the railways which accommodate their traffic are at least as useful to the consumers as to the sellers of any commodity. The dairymen who supply London with milk which is conveyed by railway are perhaps private persons, but it would be hard on the population of London if railways leading from the dairy farms were prohibited. It can never be the interest of a Railway Company to spend some thousands of pounds on a branch, except for the purpose of bringing a proportionate amount of traffic to the main line. The purchasers and consumers of the articles conveyed are not the only persons to be considered in addition to the producer, who attracts Lord REDESDALE'S exclusive notice. The whole community is interested in the largeness of the supply of useful articles of consumption, inasmuch as it tends to the reduction of prices. The exclusion of any single producer from the market by the enforcement of Lord REDESDALE'S rule is equivalent to the arbitrary establishment of a monopoly in favour of those who are more favourably situated. Compulsory powers furnish the only security for the access of outlying districts to the existing railway system.

Lord REDESDALE'S object was to protect a small class of private persons in the enjoyment of a right which scarcely deserves extraordinary regard, though it is perhaps, like other kinds of property, entitled to consideration by Parliamentary Committees. His general and argumentative resolution referred solely to the preservation of wayleaves in mineral districts. The mention of manufactories and other private undertakings had probably no relation to any

case which has occurred in practice. Mines and coalpits are useless and unworkable unless they have access to railways; and it seldom happens that they are traversed, like the Clay Cross colliery in Derbyshire, by a main through line. It therefore becomes necessary to form branches from the nearest railway; and Lord REDESDALE's demand that the construction of the lines should in many cases be rendered impossible scarcely deserves the favour which it received in the House of Lords. The peers instinctively inclined to the side of the landowner; and they forgot for the moment that coal and other minerals are situated under the land. The owner of the narrowest strip of land intervening between a pit and a railway may, if compulsory powers are refused, absolutely prohibit the working of the coal. In some hill districts half a dozen small freeholds bar the way to the line which can alone take the minerals to market; and Lord REDESDALE would give every petty owner the opportunity of charging his own price for allowing the coal to cross his land. If all the minerals in a district were separated from the neighbouring line by private property, Lord REDESDALE, if he is consistent, would allow the owners to levy a discretionary toll.

It is easy to see that one consequence of the adoption of Lord REDESDALE's rule would be to cause railways in mineral districts to be constructed, not in the most convenient direction or with the best gradients and curves, but for the purpose of avoiding the obstructions which landowners might place in their way. Mineral property is usually held in tracts of considerable extent, more especially where the depth of the seams renders it necessary to raise coal from the largest possible area by a single pit. It may well happen that the mineral owner may, by the construction of a circuitous line, be able to obtain connexion with the railway, when it would be for the interest of all parties that he should adopt a shorter and cheaper route. The refusal in all such cases of compulsory powers would operate with varying harshness, but with universal inconvenience, in almost every separate case. The attention of the House of Commons has been called within the present week to the imaginary character of the supposed rule that no private person shall be allowed to take by compulsion the property of his neighbour. As Mr. STAVELEY HILL explained, no such doctrine has ever been formally propounded or accepted; and in some instances great proprietors have been allowed the same privileges with incorporated Companies for the execution of great public works. The more extravagant theory that no Company shall promote a line to a mine or to a mineral-field would, if it had been adopted twenty years ago, have prevented the construction of some of the most useful lines in the kingdom.

In the present temper of the House of Lords it would perhaps not be expedient to establish a general rule for dealing with wayleaves. The Committees which consider special applications have the opportunity of rejecting the powers which may be sought, or of imposing conditions on concession. The question whether compensation should be granted for the tolls which may hitherto have been levied is not without difficulty. In the analogous case of drainage Acts, owners of land on lower levels have been compelled to allow the water above to find an outfall, on receiving compensation for interference with their property, but not for their mere right of obstruction. Perhaps a distinction may be drawn between wayleaves already established and those which derive their alleged value from the modern extension of mining enterprise. Where a bed of ironstone is discovered, or where a coal-field becomes capable of being profitably worked in consequence of the exhaustion of other sources of supply, it can scarcely be assumed that the landowner who holds the key of the passage to a market is deprived of any advantage on which he can have reasonably calculated by the construction of a public railway across his property. The whole system of compulsory purchase, which is indispensable to the formation of channels of communication, is founded on the justice and expediency of providing the means of intercourse between consumers and producers. The former owners of the land which is now traversed by railways have not been allowed to charge a wayleave or a toll on the right to pass between London and Liverpool or Bristol. It is incumbent on Parliament, and more especially on the House which consists almost wholly of landowners, not to multiply unnecessarily the more invidious privileges which attach to the possession of land. The theorists who complain that both the surface of the land and the minerals below it are subjects of monopoly, might derive a new and plausible argument

from the claim of intervening owners to levy a tax on the transmission of coals, of iron, or of any other commodity. A great proprietor who some time since threatened that he would in a certain contingency discontinue the working of his coalpits incurred just criticism on the ground that he would, if he had executed his menace, have exposed the rights of property to a dangerous strain. The community at large has an equitable or moral claim to purchase the necessities of life at market prices from those who happen to possess them and to be willing to sell them. Economists may doubt whether the consumer or the producer pays the tax imposed on a right of way; but the proposal that a tollgate shall in the majority of cases be erected wherever minerals seek connexion with a railway is startling and novel. A railway map of any coal-field shows a complicated ladder of branches connected with the main line; and in hundreds of instances the offshoots have been created by the Railway Company with the aid of compulsory powers. The attempts to introduce a new system for the exclusive benefit of a few landowners ought to be carefully watched.

THE DEBATE ON THE LICENSING BILL.

PARLIAMENT, like an individual, should settle what its object is before setting to work, and then there may be hope of some useful, although perhaps humble, result of labour. One member of Parliament is so anxious to remove all pretext for selling liquor after midnight that he proposes to make the theatres open half an hour earlier, in order that they may be closed soon enough to allow all concerned in them to get their suppers and drink within what he considers proper time. Unfortunately for this proposal, it happens that the West-End theatres are already open for half an hour or an hour before the best class of audience can be got to come to them. The hours of London are unnecessarily late, and as they cannot well be later, there may perhaps be a return, although that is improbable, to earlier hours. It seems strange that many hundreds of thousands of persons should prefer gas to daylight, but the habit exists, and is probably unchangeable. At any rate we do not think it will be changed in order to obviate the necessity of amending the Licensing Act of 1872. As regards the metropolis this necessity is admitted, and as regards the great provincial towns it cannot surely be impossible to ascertain whether the same necessity exists. If the House of Commons can go into Committee with the determination to ascertain and provide fairly for the public wants, the result ought to be accepted even by those who may be disappointed at it. In this as in many other departments of legislation the late Government caused dissatisfaction not so much by what they did as by the principles on which they did it.

It is admitted by Mr. MELLY that there is a considerable body of hard-working persons who are compelled to turn night into day, to whom it would be a great grievance to be deprived of the opportunity of obtaining refreshment; but he professes to think that it is right that some sacrifice should be made for the general good, and to secure the great benefit that would accrue from the early closing of public-houses. It is so certain that Parliament will not legislate upon this principle that we need not inquire whether Mr. MELLY himself seriously holds it. The fortitude which makes light of the hardships undergone by others is not an exalted type of virtue. It is sometimes convenient as well as safe to demand changes which are not likely to be adopted. The people who would have to sacrifice themselves for the general good must give up the prospect not only of bread and cheese and beer, but of a cup of coffee and a biscuit after twelve o'clock. It has been discovered that some forms of immorality are capable of existing apart from public-houses, and therefore it is proposed to apply further limitation of hours to places where "innocuous" refreshment is supplied. If it be true that the trade almost unanimously desires twelve o'clock as the hour for closing in London, it may be hoped that a tolerably satisfactory arrangement will be arrived at. The necessity for the public convenience of some extension of hours is more clear in London than elsewhere. But it is evident that, if the hours are to be fixed by the Bill, sufficient latitude must be given to allow provision to be made everywhere for the satisfaction of reasonable wants. The trade desires above all things that the hours shall

be fixed by the Bill, and it is apparently willing to submit for this object to considerable restriction. The public under these circumstances must look out for itself, and, as regards large classes of Londoners, their wants have been sufficiently made known.

But we do not find very strong demonstrations from the large towns. Mr. MELLY says that in Liverpool the magistrates have condemned the proposed extension from eleven to half-past eleven o'clock, the clergy have condemned it, the police have reported against it, and the licensed victuallers wish to be let alone. If there is any strong case on the other side, now is the time to bring it forward. Mr. HERMON thinks that the public has become accustomed to the new hours. There had been of course exceptions, and in some towns in the North, he believed, much public inconvenience had been felt. In his town (Preston) they had suffered as much as anywhere. Yet he, a Conservative, intimated disapproval of the proposed extension. It is difficult without local knowledge to estimate the nature or extent of the inconvenience sustained in Preston, but in a town of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants it is hard to believe that there can have been any large number of persons who were seriously prejudiced. Where there is real inconvenience we may doubt whether the proposed concession is sufficient to remedy it. In London it is certainly inadequate, and we may venture to doubt whether the closing of all places of refreshment at half-past twelve o'clock will be permanently maintained, unless indeed, as is probable, this strict law be largely tempered by evasion. Mr. CROSS tells us that at present persons buy spirits at public-houses and take them to cigar and coffee shops for consumption. The coffee-shops are now to be brought under the same law as the public-houses, and perhaps zealots may be emboldened to propose to apply the same treatment to cigar-shops. As regards Liverpool and other great towns, if the magistrates and police are satisfied with the existing state of things, it would not be easy to show that they are mistaken. It is said that early closing of liquor-shops promotes "illicit" drinking elsewhere; but if this only means that people buy drink and carry it home with them, this proceeding is not "illicit" in any ordinary acceptance of the word. At the worst men get drunk after instead of before they traverse the streets, and thus they escape notice by the police, and their town's statistics of drunkenness are not affected by their conduct.

Some of the questions arising upon this Bill are like that question as to which a Judge said, "A jury would decide this question, but how they would decide it, Heaven knows." On this account perhaps Government consented to allow these questions to be settled in Committee of the whole House of Commons. That House has been recently elected, and members ought to know what their constituents desire. If this course were not adopted, the only other satisfactory course would seem to be that of inquiry by a Select Committee. The HOME SECRETARY had doubtless taken pains to ascertain the wants and wishes of the great towns, but it would appear from Monday night's debate that he had not been altogether successful. Probably the best solution of the difficulty would be found in that clause of the Bill which encourages early closing by a reduction of duty. If the trade in any district of the metropolis could agree among themselves to adopt an earlier hour than that fixed by law, they would gain the benefit of this reduction, and also all the other benefits of shortening their period of daily labour. In other districts, such as the Strand, some of them might think it worth while to keep open to the latest hour allowed by law, and the others would probably be compelled to do the same in order to avoid loss of custom. As regards the great provincial towns, the same method might be applied, either maintaining the existing hours, or extending them by the proposed half-hour, if it appears upon further discussion that the half-hour's extension ought to be conceded. As regards the demand of the beer-houses to be placed on an equality with the public-houses, that also may be considered in Committee. But even if this demand be well founded, which we think doubtful, it is at any rate certain that an inducement should be offered to these houses to close early; or—which comes to the same thing—they ought to pay for the privilege of keeping open late. The trade will accept any reasonable settlement of this question for the sake of getting it settled by Parliament, and taking it out of the hands of magistrates. We have profound disbelief in the

statistics of drunkenness quoted by Mr. MELLY. But the Home Office can easily ascertain from the police of Liverpool or any other great town whether the working of the Act of 1872 has been favourable to sobriety. If it has worked well, let it be maintained. But an Act cannot be said to work well if it is largely evaded, and, as regards London, the statements of Mr. CROSS leave no doubt that a considerable amount of illicit trade has been carried on. We do not believe that this could be done anywhere without the police either knowing or suspecting it, and the fact that a law of this kind is largely evaded goes far to show that it is impolitic. As regards relief from the penal clauses of the Act of 1872, the Bill has been generally approved, and the trade will do wisely to reciprocate the confidence which the Government has shown in it, and this indeed its leaders appear desirous to do. The movement in favour of uniform early hours is judicious, and if the publicans could reduce the public to the necessity of asking them to keep open a little later, their position would be greatly strengthened. They must be tolerably well persuaded that London is not prepared to see all houses of refreshment of every kind closed at midnight. In one respect the publicans are likely to be disappointed. They are jealous of the grocers who sell bottles of spirit, and their organ the *Morning Advertiser* says that the contents of these bottles are drunk in the streets. Even if they are, the grocers can hardly be held responsible. But the probability is that the bottles are carried home for "private," or, as some speakers in the debate said, "illicit," drinking. The law cannot interfere with that, and indeed it appears that the publicans compete, as they are entitled to do, with the grocers in this traffic. Some strong statements were quoted by Sir H. SELWIN-IBBETSON as to the increase of this "private" drinking in provincial towns, and we may be tolerably sure that the bottles are destined not so much for strictly "private" use, as for some club or party of persons who object to go to bed at eleven o'clock. These statements qualify the rosy view derived from figures. But if the limitation of hours by the Act of 1872 has not done so much good as enthusiasts believe, we can hardly be persuaded that it has done much positive harm except to the Ministry which carried it. But in London it has undoubtedly caused great inconvenience.

SENSATIONALISM.

WE know not who was the inventor of the now popular word "sensational." Whoever he may have been, he provided a very convenient phrase, but one which, like most other such phrases, was misapplied as soon as it became popular. It has been used, that is, to condemn some perfectly sound as well as some very mischievous forms of art and literature. The ordinary mind contrives to modify all sound canons of criticism so as to adapt them to its own view of things; and a good service might be done by anybody who would explain a little more clearly what is the real force of a word which is used recklessly enough in the current cant of the day. The Bishop of Derry, preaching one of a series of sermons upon "the use and abuse of the world," chose this for the subject of his discourse; and, so far as we can judge from the report, made some sensible remarks upon it. At the same time we are bound to confess that he does not appear to have defined his meaning quite so plainly as might be desirable. Sensationalism, he is reported to have said, is "a morbid taste for producing sensation at any cost and by any means in every department of life, conduct, and manners"; and sensation means, it appears, "emotional sensibility, good or bad, astonishment, morbid curiosity, violent disgust, unwholesome attraction." Now, of course, a morbid taste for producing a morbid sensation at any cost is a very bad thing; and the novels of which the Bishop speaks, which are simply declamations against marriage and assertions that the affections cannot be restrained by duty, proclaim a very objectionable code of morality. But this is little more than saying that vice is vice, and that defences of vice are vicious. How are we to know where the injurious element intrudes? The devil is generally a great deal too cunning to reveal himself with hoofs and horns, and prefers to appear like Mephistopheles as a well-dressed gentleman perfectly conversant with the usages of good society. Where then does sensationalism in a bad sense begin, and legitimate appeal to the emotions leave off? How far is such sensationalism really characteristic of modern life, and what is its cause and cure? These are amongst the questions which we should like to see sufficiently answered; and the Bishop's sermon, as reported, does not seem to go very far towards clearing them up. It is pretty clear, indeed, that he made sufficiently distinct reference to certain special instances of the vice which he was attacking. Some writers, whom we need not attempt to name, have offended so grossly against all the laws of decency that to attack them is like calling a chimney-sweep black. They prefer vice to virtue, and they impudently

avow their preference and call it a theory of art. When they do not offend against the laws, they can only be put down by severe moral reprobation; but it is not these flagrant offenders who can properly be described as sensational. They may be described in shorter, more old-fashioned, and more emphatic language.

The importance of making the definition rather closer appears when we consider some of the conclusions which will be incidentally suggested to ordinary readers by the Bishop's remarks. He tells us, for example, to compare the beauty in a bigamy story with Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. The apparent inference would be that novelists ought not to deal with bigamy, murder, and other gross offences. Obviously such a rule would at once condemn many of the greatest performances in literature. The Greek and the English drama would have to be horribly mangled. No decent person would be allowed to keep *Hamlet* in his library; *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Tom Jones* would be put in the Index; and many even of our modern novels would be ruthlessly destroyed. There is a bigamy in *Pendennis*, one of the least sensational of novels; there is a seduction in *Adam Bede*; and Dickens, of whose moral influence the Bishop speaks highly, is full of incidents which fall beyond the line of prohibition. The Bishop of course does not share the misconception, but it is the popular interpretation of the phrase, and serves to justify some totally absurd criticisms. Whenever a milk-and-water novel is published, in which the most startling incident is an offer of marriage by a respectable clergyman to a young lady in his own position of life, it is praised for the healthiness of its sentiments, and the author is immediately compared to Miss Austen. And yet we would venture to say that some stories in which there is not so much as a hint at the possibility of a breach of a single social rule, to say nothing of the moral law, are less healthy reading than *Hamlet* or *Othello*. Indeed there are some novels of the so-called sensational kind which are much more edifying than their prudish rivals. Victor Hugo, for example, has enough of the sensational element to supply a whole generation of English novelists; and in some cases it produces very unfortunate results; and yet the *Misérables* is a story which, in spite of its absurdities and its bombast, is not merely remarkable for its art but for its moral force. Now the indiscriminate condemnation of sensationalism, when it is taken to include all vigorous descriptions of the strongest human passions, justifies a revolt. Art is not to be put into a straitwaistcoat, or rather into the drab coat of a Quaker, or it will burst its bonds and get into mischief. Thackeray, for example, complains in *Pendennis* that nobody has been allowed since the time of Fielding to draw a genuine man. We only permit that side of a man to be depicted which is presentable in a drawing-room. Popular writers often declaim upon the services rendered by Scott and Dickens in purifying English fiction. We certainly would not undervalue that service; and yet we cannot help remembering that, after all, one meaning of it is that English society is so prudish that no novel can have a large sale which does not obey certain rigid rules of propriety. Sometimes those laws are evaded by smuggling in the forbidden commodity under an external appearance of propriety; and at times writers have rebelled altogether, and tried the effect of downright indecency. Neither result can be contemplated with entire satisfaction.

The Bishop, therefore, should have preached a complementary doctrine, which, we must admit, it might be rather difficult to get comfortably into a sermon. And yet it might surely be said without offence that the dark side of human nature may be rightfully portrayed in such a way as to do good service to morality; and even that an art which entirely abnegates that function is pretty certain to become puerile or effeminate. The difference between moral and immoral art is not in the subject-matter, but in the mode of treatment; it is not that one writer deals with bigamy, and another never suggests a breach of the marriage laws; but that one possesses a healthy, and the other a morbid, mind. The inevitable tendency of mistaking prudishness for decency is to generate a confusion between brutality and manliness. A boy who has been brought up under narrow restraints is very apt, as everybody knows who has been at a University, to break out into degrading excesses. And some of our modern writers remind us of nothing so much as of strictly taught little boys who fancy that what is forbidden must have some romantic charms; and, as soon as they get loose, find a delicious flavour in outrages on decency. The doctrine, it may be said, is dangerous; and indeed most doctrines have a dangerous side; but if they are not sometimes plainly stated, more dangerous misunderstandings are the natural consequence.

If we ask, then, where sensationalism begins to be evil, the answer must be partly that there are no obvious external tests which can possibly decide. Good and evil are unluckily not ticketed so conspicuously as we could sometimes wish. We must even confess that books vary in their influence according to the reader; and that some minds may extract a poison from that which is healthy food to others. One thing more, however, may be said. For example, a picture of violent death may be either degrading or elevating. If the artist has taken a noble view of his subject, he may appeal to our compassion, to our sympathy with courage, to our admiration of the physical beauty and the moral strength of the victim. If he has taken a debasing view, we may be affected simply as we are affected by the sight of blood, or the signs of pure physical pain. The technical skill may be the same in each case; but one may sicken every healthy mind, and the other may help to elevate even a morbid mind. Some representations of the Crucifixion are amongst the greatest triumphs of noble art,

and some are simply painful and disgusting. The ordinary cant about sensationalism would condemn both because both are suggestive of pain; or possibly would say that the death of a criminal is an imposing subject, and the death of a martyr demoralizing, because in one case vice is punished, and in the other virtue. Such methods of artistic criticism are seen by everybody to be ludicrous in this case; and yet they are substantially adopted by many simple-minded literary critics. The real question is whether the artist is so weak that he can only present the physical fact, or whether, if he is able to transform it by a powerful imagination, it is an imagination of a healthy or a diseased type. A sensational novelist, on the same principles, is either a writer who, having no intellectual power, tries to interest us by cuttings from newspaper reports of crime and misery, or one who exerts greater powers for degrading purposes. In both cases the instinct to which he appeals in his readers is one which ought to be suppressed rather than stimulated. The root of the ordinary sensationalism of the bad variety is sheer insensibility. A stupid clown, who has no intellectual interests, derives a sort of agreeable titillation from the sight of pure animal pain. His prototype is to be found in Hogarth's disgusting, though well-meant, pictures of the stages of cruelty. He likes to see animals worrying each other, or men pounding each other into jellies, or kicking in agony at the end of a rope. On the same principle, a murder in a novel is only less attractive than in a newspaper in so far as it is less credible. This kind of sensationalism may be expected to disappear as human beings become, as it is supposed that they are slowly becoming, more civilized. It is blended, however, with that other form of sensationalism which is characteristic of a rather higher class of literature. This is the product of the weariness produced by the incessant worries of modern life, or a surfeit produced by its excessive respectability. We are bothered by being incessantly driven backwards and forwards in omnibuses, and hunted by telegrams, and lectured daily by leading articles; and we are tired of having always to wear black hats, and to conform to the troublesome demands of social etiquette. We are relieved for the moment by anybody who will show us a bit of unsophisticated nature, even if it takes the form of a mere brutal passion, or a revolt against virtue, as well as against the conventionalities. The remedy may not be an easy one; but it does not consist in simply denouncing the natural instinct which requires some more stimulating food than the petty interests of daily life. Rather we should endeavour to supplant the ignoble by a nobler form of sensationalism. We should show, as a great artist can show us, that there are still many things worth living for; that there are profound issues at stake; and that beneath the superficial current of daily life there are forces as great and passions as strong as were ever at work in society. We have spoken of Victor Hugo as a case in point; and if his unmistakable genius were under the guidance of a saner judgment, no one would be better able to show how a vigorous art may still be possible without pandering to the baser passions and the diseased appetites of the time.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MEN OF SCIENCE

SCIENTIFIC men have been so long engaged in lecturing on other people that it is refreshing, as a change, to find them being lectured upon in turn. They are, as may be supposed, a very curious and interesting branch of the human species, and quite as worthy of having their natural history written as monkeys or star-fishes. Mr. Francis Galton has, it seems, for some time had his eye on them, and is preparing a microscopic analysis of their physical and moral peculiarities. In the meantime he has treated the Royal Institution to a short lecture on the "nature and nurture" of Fellows of the Royal Society. His data have been obtained, he tells us, from a large collection of autobiographical notes communicated to him by many of "the leading members of the scientific world." Applications for information were addressed to 180 Fellows of the Royal Society, who, in addition to their F.R.S., had gained medals or filled offices of recognized scientific position; and 115 replies have been received, most of which contain full and detailed answers to the questions asked. Mr. Galton believes that he might have included three hundred names in his list without descending in the scale of scientific position, and he reckons the proportion of men of science to the rest of the population at about one in 10,000. In the paper before us he attempts to answer the question—What are the conditions of nature, and the various circumstances and conditions of life, which lead to the production of the scientific minority?

The first quality, in order of importance, which is found among men of science is energy, both of body and mind. Dr. Livingstone and one or two other travellers are included in Mr. Galton's list, but these may be regarded as exceptional cases. The following extracts are from the returns filled up by men of science of a more ordinary type. One correspondent writes:—"Have rowed myself in a skiff 105 miles in twenty-one hours whilst undergraduate at Cambridge. Rowed in every race during my stay at the University; rowed two years in the University crews." Another "walked many a time fifty miles a day without fatigue, and kept up five miles an hour for three or four hours." A third "excelled at school and college in athletic sports, especially in jumping (eighteen feet). Almost incapable of mental fatigue up to the age of thirty-eight. Usually engaged in literary work until long after midnight." And a fourth says, "As a boy of seventeen I worked

for three months all day and all night, with not more than four or five hours' sleep. When full of a subject and interested in it, I have written for seven or eight hours without interruption." Another proof of energy is the severe scientific work which is often done at night by men who have been engaged all day in anxious business. "In early life as a boy," writes one of Mr. Galton's subjects, "I was engaged in business from twelve to fourteen hours a day, yet always found time to study and make my own instruments. Later on, my studies and scientific work were always accomplished after business hours, and it was generally my habit to commence after dinner, and to work at science until 2, 3, or 4 A.M., and to begin business again at 9 A.M. I never thought of rest if I had anything in hand of interest."

Mr. Galton's friends, notwithstanding their hard work, show an enviable bill of health, especially when we remember that the majority of them are middle-aged men, and many of them of an advanced age. One quarter of the whole have excellent or good health, a second quarter have good or fair, a third have had good health since they attained manhood, and only one quarter make complaints or reservations. Here are two examples of excellent health:—(1) "Only absent from professional duties ten days in thirty years; only two headaches in my life;" (2) "Never ill for more than two or three days, except with neuralgia; no surgical operations, except inoculation, drawing of one tooth, and cutting of corns." Taken altogether these cases represent a very healthy group, and Mr. Galton notices that the fathers and mothers, as a rule, also enjoyed good health. From this he deduces very fairly that the children of couples in poor health are incapable of pushing their way to the front ranks of life. He also remarks incidentally that energy appears to be correlated with smallness of head. The average circumference of an English gentleman's head is 22½ to 22¾ inches, but in his returns Mr. Galton has thirteen cases under 22 inches, and only eight of 24 inches and upwards. The large-headed men of science have much less energy than the small-headed men, though intellectually on an equality with them.

Practical business habits are noted as another quality common among men of science. In Mr. Galton's list there are seventeen who are active heads of great commercial undertakings, ten medical men in the highest rank of practice, and eighteen others who have filled important official posts. "I have no special talent," writes an eminent biologist, "except for business, as evinced by keeping accounts, being regular in correspondence, and investing money very well." Independence of character is also a feature which is said to be strongly developed in scientific men. Fifty of Mr. Galton's correspondents have it, as he thinks, in excess, and in only two is it below par. One ran away from school because he thought he was unfairly treated by the master. A second boasts that his "opinions are in almost all respects opposed to those in which he was educated," another that he has "a preference for whatever is not in fashion"; while a third holds that "his heresy prevented his advancement." In some instances the spirit of independence is hereditary. "My father," says a correspondent, "never took off his hat to any one in his life, and never addressed any one as Esq." As confirmatory evidence, Mr. Galton refers to the strange variety of small and unfashionable religious sects to which many scientific men or their parents have belonged. Dalton, the discoverer of the atomic theory, and Dr. Young, who discovered the undulatory theory of light, were both Quakers. Faraday was a Sandemanian. In Mr. Galton's returns there are numerous cases of Quaker pedigree, and also representatives of other small sects, such as Moravians and Bible Christians. Unitarians are numerous. To these various qualities Mr. Galton adds a strong innate taste for science. This passion, though hereditary in many cases, is said to be more capricious than health or energy, and it often happens that the scientific man is the only member of his family in whom it is displayed. One correspondent says, "I had no regular instruction, and can think of no event which especially helped to develop it. Bones and shells were attractive to me before I could consider them with apparent profit, and I had a fair zoological collection by the time I was fifteen." Another writes, "If any tastes were innate mine were. They date from beyond my recollection. They were not determined by events occurring after manhood, but I think the reverse; they were discouraged in every way." "While a schoolboy," says a third, "I taught myself under great difficulties." Attention is also called to the prevalence of mechanical tastes among men of science. A chemist made a twelve-inch reflecting telescope; two eminent surveyors have a great aptitude for mechanical manipulation; two very eminent biologists had a passion for it, and both, if they had followed the bent of their own minds, would have been engineers by profession. Another peculiarity is said to be a deficiency in "the purely emotional element, and in the desire to influence the beliefs of others." "Scientific men," says Mr. Galton, "school a naturally equable and independent mind to a still more complete subordination to their judgment. In many respects their character is strongly anti-feminine." This description is certainly open to question. It may be true that "two out of every ten do not care for politics at all"; but they are not "devoid of partisanship." Men of science probably take very little interest in politics; but that is simply because they are occupied with other things. With regard to matters that really interest them they are often the keenest and most intense partisans imaginable. There is perhaps no set of people who are more dogmatic, intolerant, or prone to crush, at any rate with contempt and disdain, every one who ventures even on the minutest point to disagree with them. The men of science, we are some-

times told, are the priesthood of the future, and they occasionally display some of the least estimable qualities of the priesthood of the past. It has been said with considerable truth that the temper of some of them is more nearly akin to that of the Inquisition than the temper of any existing sect. On the subject of education there seems to be a general concurrence on the part of Mr. Galton's correspondents in favour of latitude and variety. "Freedom to follow my own inclinations, and to choose my own subjects of study or the reverse," to which one of them attributes his success in science, would probably be welcomed by many young gentlemen, but would perhaps not invariably lead to a satisfactory result.

Mr. Galton sums up the elements of the scientific character as follows—energy, health, steady pursuit of purpose, business habits, independence of character, and a strong innate taste for science. It must strike every one, however, that, with the exception of the last, these are just the qualities which one would expect to find, and which in point of fact are found, in men who distinguish themselves in any pursuit. Intellectual acuteness goes for very little in any sphere of activity without energy, and it is consequently the energetic men who make their mark. Persistency is of course only sustained energy, while business habits are another name for regulated force. These are all qualities which, if applied in any direction, would be tolerably certain to produce notable results, and it is absurd to speak of them as if they were in any exclusive sense the possession of men of science. It would be as reasonable to draw special attention to the circumstance that men of science have eyes, mouths, and noses. If Mr. Galton had sent out his circulars to 180 eminent merchants, engineers, soldiers, cotton-spinners, or artists, he would probably have received pretty much the same replies as from his 180 Fellows of the Royal Society. On the other hand, the men of science would in all likelihood have distinguished themselves in other spheres if they had happened to be thrown into them. In short, it all comes to this, that, as a rule, men who are successful in scientific pursuits possess much the same native qualities which are essential to success in other pursuits. No doubt there is in certain rare cases a genius for scientific investigation as there is a genius for poetry or for generalship; but below this exceptional altitude, men of science are extremely like other men, and the secret of their achievements will be found to lie mainly in their special devotion to a particular subject. Mr. Galton himself points out that some of his correspondents are equally successful as men of business and men of science. Scientific study no doubt tends to give the mind a special bent, and to strengthen particular qualities; but as regards what may be called native faculties, a successful man of science closely resembles a successful lawyer or engineer, and would be just as likely to have succeeded in law or engineering as in science. It is the training that makes the difference. Again, with respect to energy and health, these are conditions common to all men who do much in the world. Apart, however, from their special application to men of science, Mr. Galton's returns on this point are valuable as another proof, if any were wanting, that hard work is by no means so baneful as some persons fancy. Experience has shown that in all professions steady hard work is the best preservative of health, for the simple reason that it implies almost of necessity regular habits, and excludes the debilitating influences of social boredom. Mental over-work is a familiar complaint, but it is a rare disorder; and in most cases it is the stomach and not the head that has been ill-used. In general, when anybody professes to be suffering from mental exhaustion, the usual remedies for indigestion may be safely prescribed. On the whole, we should think it possible to produce a more precise and discriminating analysis of the peculiarities of men of science than Mr. Galton has given us. But what most excites our curiosity is whether he regards the sort of gossip he has favoured us with as science. Indeed, a distinct definition of a man of science would also have been desirable. A good many funny things, including Social Science, have been called science; but we rather think Mr. Galton has been anticipated in the line he has chosen by Mr. Albert Smith, who some years ago composed a series of treatises on the natural history of snobs, ballet-girls, and other types of humanity, which were quite as scientific, though not perhaps so amusing, as the essay on the "Nature and Nurture of Men of Science."

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH'S REPLY.

WE took occasion about three months ago to offer some comments on a paper of Principal Tulloch's on "Dogmatic Extremes," which had appeared in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*, and was supplemented and defended in an article from the pen of Mr. Hunt in the February issue of the same magazine. From that time till the appearance of the *Contemporary* for May Principal Tulloch has kept silence, but the fire has meanwhile been so hotly kindling within him—to judge from the tone of the reply which he has now made to our strictures—that we can well imagine the effort his silence must have cost him, and cannot wonder that he should at last have felt constrained to speak with his tongue. At the same time there are cases where it is wise to refrain even from good words, and a careful perusal of Dr. Tulloch's second article has greatly strengthened our impression that his silence is more golden than his speech. The original article was, it may be remembered, a protest, not so much against dogmatism, as against dogmas and creeds altogether,

except as convenient historical landmarks of contemporary thought. It was admitted that there is "such a thing as true opinion in religion," but it was implied that it is practically almost unattainable; for not only are all Churches fallible, but all creeds are from the nature of the case partially false and "haze is of the very nature of true religious thought." We ventured to point out that, apart from all theological controversy, this strange theory of religious belief is untenable in fact and directly in the teeth of all historical experience. The most elementary form of religion is based on the momentous and far-reaching dogma of a personal Deity, and the simplest intelligible form of Christianity includes a good many dogmas more. The immense majority of Christians in all ages have been content to sum up their faith in the Apostles' Creed, which categorically asserts various supernatural facts of overwhelming interest and importance, if true; while, on the other hand, no known religion claiming divine sanction and exerting a real influence among men has ever existed without a definite faith of some kind. We added, in reply to what seemed to us little better than a verbal quibble of Mr. Hunt's, that, because Roman Catholics accept their dogmas on the authority of Popes or Councils, it does not follow that other Christians do not equally need and equally hold dogmatic beliefs, though he may contend, if he pleases, that they have no right to do so. Justification by faith is just as much a dogma as Transubstantiation; and in fact it is exactly in proportion to its strong grasp of a definite creed that Protestantism has been a great religious power in the world.

In returning to the charge Principal Tulloch adds very little, beyond personalities, to what had already been urged by himself or his sympathizing admirer Mr. Hunt, and criticized in our former article. He is anxious at starting to insist that he was writing mainly for "theological students," and had probably underrated the crass ignorance of writers like his critics, "unaccustomed to theological thought," who emulate the infidelity of Strauss without either his knowledge or his strength. And then follows a long passage designed to enlighten us on the distinction between Roman Catholic and Protestant dogma, which supplies an admirable illustration of the haze said to be so essential to true religious thought. The Catholic, we are reminded, as Mr. Hunt informed us before, accepts his dogmas on authority, whereas to a Protestant "dogma is"—the italics are the author's—"the reasoned expression or formulated statement of Divine Truth." And then he quotes Hooker and Mr. Matthew Arnold—who will have more authority with his unbelieving critics "than any professed divine"—to prove that dogmas are not found in the letter of Scripture, but "only deduced out of Scripture by collection." But Hooker was not speaking particularly of Protestant dogmas, and his description is so obviously applicable to all dogmas whatever, and on whatever authority they may be received, that the quotation is totally irrelevant. Dr. Tulloch has indeed stumbled upon what logicians call a cross division, or rather no division at all. He might as well have divided dogs into four-footed and long-tailed animals, as dogmas into formulated statements of doctrine deduced out of Scripture, and doctrines received on the authority of the Church. All Christian dogmas are "the reasoned expression or formulated statement of divine truth," or what is accepted as such, and by a large number of Christians, Protestants and Easterns, as well as Roman Catholics, they are received on ecclesiastical authority. But on whatever grounds they are believed, their origin and nature are the same; and though some statements in the Apostles' Creed, as also in the Nicene, are verbally contained in Scripture, their place and connexion in that formulary gives them, as Bishop Pearson has abundantly shown, a strictly dogmatic significance. Dr. Tulloch's distinction of Catholic and Protestant dogma is, for all purposes of his argument, a pure mare's-nest. And he only makes this the clearer in his attempts to prove the contrary. "The Protestant," he tells us, "may come to the same practical conclusion as the Catholic, and agree with him that the dogma of the *Homousion* is the very truth of God," but only because he is satisfied that it is the true sense of Scripture. Be it so; but the "dogma of the *Homousion*" is either a fundamental tenet or a radical corruption of Christian doctrine, and not a matter about which believers can afford to be indifferent. Calvin's conviction on the subject was quite as strong as Torquemada's, though he may have arrived at it by a different process; and he was equally ready to assert it, in the trenchant fashion of his day, by the arguments of fire and faggot. Still more infelicitous is the ingenious distinction suggested between the Apostles' Creed and other dogmatic formularies. The author in fact cuts the ground from under his own feet when he solemnly repeats for our better information what we had ourselves intimated already, that there is hardly an article of that creed, the first not excepted, which does not involve deeper meanings than might at first sight appear; and that it "did not reach its present completion till the middle of the eighth century." Long before that time the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds had also reached their present completion, and theologians would say of them with equal plausibility what Principal Tulloch says of the Apostles' Creed, that they are merely expansions of the baptismal formulary. It is quite unnecessary to follow him into his disquisition on the doctrine of the Atonement. Supposing that Catholics and Protestants have alike found the idea indefinable, that would only prove—what of course we never dreamt of disputing—that not all religious ideas have been, or can be, accurately formularized. It would not help Principal Tulloch's contention that religion can afford to dispense with dogmas altogether.

There is just a shred of truth at the bottom of this paradoxical theory, of which the writer appears to have a "hazy" conception without having guessed its real bearings. Dogmas, Catholic or Protestant, true or false, and on whatever evidence of authority or private judgment they are accepted, are the ultimate result of theological science, and are distinct from the process by which they are attained. Treatises such as the *Cur Deus Homo* of St. Anselm exhibit "the gradual evolution" of dogmatic systems, but contain, as is natural, a vast body of opinion and reasoning which forms no part of the dogmatic system of any Church in Christendom. It may also be true that there is a tendency in some quarters, and in the most opposite schools of religious thought, to erect theological opinions into dogmas. But all this is trite enough, and gives no support to a view as impracticable in itself as it is alien to the teaching of all the great religious leaders who have influenced the world, and not least to the teaching of those Westminster Divines to whom the author refers in terms of high praise. No doubt they did not consider religion "a thing only of creeds and catechisms," as neither did anybody else ever imagine who was not a fanatic or a fool. But it is surely possible to hold that faith is essential, and also that faith without works is dead. It is quite another thing however to say that the Westminster Divines would have echoed the advice of the late Charles Dickens about following "the broad spirit of the New Testament, and putting no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter." If Dickens is rightly reported to have considered that "broad spirit" a Unitarian one, they would have been much more disposed to burn him than to endorse his teaching. Nor is Dr. Tulloch more happy in his appeal to the early Apostolic Church "with all its creed-deficiencies." Creeds were the necessary outgrowth, or, if he prefers so to express it, the necessary evil, of a later age. But to say that, because the first Christians who had heard from the lips of Apostles what they had themselves learnt from their Master, needed no dogmatic formularies, therefore the lapse of time and rise of conflicting heresies—that is, contradictory systems of belief—did not make them afterwards indispensable, is a strange paradox. In the words of a distinguished modern divine—who, we may add, was neither a disciple of Strauss nor a Roman Catholic—it is to seek "to restore the imbecility of childhood without its innocence."

It is hardly necessary perhaps to return the Parthian shot discharged at us by Principal Tulloch in his concluding paragraph. After repeating, somewhat angrily, his wholesale indictment against all criticism of his views as "the mere echo in this country of the voice of Strauss," he falls foul of the obituary notice of Strauss which appeared in our columns, in order to expose once more the profound ignorance—we cannot exactly say of his critics, for the article had no reference to him, but—of all who presume to look at these subjects in a different light from himself. Whether it is true that "nothing is so obnoxious to 'us' as the attempt to understand Christianity," we will not stay to argue here; but indignation is apt to be a little indiscriminate, and the following passage with its carefully italicized quotation of our words is more forcible than felicitous; it is at least sufficiently dogmatic. "This is the good we are told that Strauss has done. He has 'unmasked a host of shams, if he has put nothing better in their place, and has made the elaborate, however unconscious, subterfuges of such teachers as Semler, Schleiermacher, and Paulus,' (the combination is exquisite to any one who knows even the rudiments of German theology) 'for ever impossible in the future.'" We might plead that, so far from having expressed any particular sympathy with Strauss, we had spoken in the very sentence before that quoted here of his "barren and unhelpful creed"; but let that pass. The sting of the criticism is evidently contained in the italics. Yet we are constrained to acknowledge that the "exquisite combination" was quite deliberately framed. If Principal Tulloch means that the three writers named are typical representatives of three different phases of German theological thought, there was as much intimated in an earlier portion of the article, and it was precisely for this reason that their names were chosen. Paulus was a disciple of Semler, who had improved upon the teaching of his master, while Schleiermacher may be said to have led a reaction against them; but all three shared the common weakness which Strauss so mercilessly exposed, of professing to defend the authenticity of the Gospel narrative while more or less consciously—Schleiermacher less directly than the other two—divesting it of its supernatural element. We had certainly imagined that thus much was familiar to every one "who knows even the rudiments of German theology." Principal Tulloch implies that we were mistaken.

LABOURERS' COTTAGES.

THE opening of the spring Exhibitions, coinciding with the lock-out in the Eastern Counties, may well bring the subject of accommodation for their labourers home to the landowners who are being hustled through the galleries. Nothing can be more picturesque than the cottages of Merry England in the foreground of a "bit" from the Surrey lanes or the Kentish weald. You have the gables disappearing under the masses of ivy; the quaint chimney-stacks bending beneath the weight of years over their girdles of rusty iron; the worm-eaten beams and the weather-beaten walls clamped with great crosses of iron, and propped against the gales by the fruit-trees that seem to cling to them. You have the small lozenge casements and the low-browed doorways, and

the inevitable pools of water coated over with emerald duckweed. The brilliant patch of garden is fragrant with old-fashioned flowers—stocks, and gillyflowers, and wallflowers, and all sorts of strong-scented herbs. The artist has dashed in a beehive or two in the background, and he seems to have let his fancy run riot generally in a wild luxuriance of vegetation. Yet possibly he has stuck pretty closely to the truth, and your memory recalls hundreds of cottages of the same kind that looked embodied idyls of happy innocence as you came round the corner on them of a spring afternoon. But, like many similar scenes in the world, the glamour of poetry was on the surface, while the repulsive reality lay hidden below. You might fall in love with the spot at first sight, but on closer examination a good many drawbacks would suggest themselves, if you had any idea of quartering yourself in one of these dwellings—say for a week or two of an artist's holiday in the summer-time. Although the walls could never have been extraordinarily substantial, they may have stood as they are for a couple of hundred years. In all that time they have been patched, and plastered, and cobbled, but not once have they been put in thorough repair. The site is damp, for the cottage stands low in a hollow near the water, like most buildings of our earlier architectural periods, from the manor-house downwards. The foundations have been settling down and the walls splitting into cracks and rifts that have been roughly stopped with clay or mortar. The beams have warped and mouldered, and left gaping interstices between the roof and eaves. The leaden framework of the casements has bent, and the small diamond panes are cracked and broken, and stopped with rags from the family wardrobe. The mud floor has gradually worn away below the threshold till the water trickles in when there is heavy rain, to collect in odoriferous pools in the middle of the kitchen. The rotten ceiling is tumbling to pieces, and either from the under or the upper room you may hear and see all that goes on in the other. The staircase that communicates between them is a rude ladder, with half the rungs long ago gone for firewood. Outside things are as bad as they well can be from a sanitary point of view, considering that the cottage is in the country, and in one of the healthiest districts of England. Drains there are none; but an open gutter meanders towards the little weed-covered pool, and the two together generate the foulest miasma when the sun is hot and the atmosphere close. The untrained sprays of the ivy, and the straggling boughs of the apple-trees, shut out air and light from the little casements. When the weather is wet the drip from the trees overhead is perpetual, and in autumn the place is half buried in fallen leaves that are left to rot in masses in the garden. The inmates do nothing to help themselves, chiefly because their landlord has done so little to help them. The cottage is an object of general admiration to visitors with any perception of the beautiful, and, so long as he can keep it standing and roughly weather-tight, the proprietor is content. But his peasant tenants, having no sense of the beautiful, fail to appreciate the sole recommendation of their dwelling. They know that the rifts rudely held together by iron, which look so picturesque from the outside, let in those little streams of wet which are fatal to paper, or even to whitewashing. They know that the ivy that holds the damp cracks the mortar, making the interior of the cottage all through the rainy season feel like the inside of a streaming umbrella. They may have become habituated to sitting with their feet in the mud on the kitchen floor, but the presence of the mud discourages any attempts at scrupulous cleanliness elsewhere. And the darkness and damp and discomfort in which they live breed physical as well as moral listlessness. It is not worth while to be up and doing where the work to be done would be perpetually recommencing. When the walls are mildewed, and the ceiling is in holes and tatters; when the windows cannot open, and the only means of ventilation is by the door; when the smoke circulates round the room before it escapes up the chimney; when all shortcomings are covered by the prevailing gloom, it is worth no one's while to scour and polish and brighten. There is overcrowding of course. Probably the occupant has a large and growing family, and if he has not, he fills up his room with lodgers; for on properties where these picturesque cottages have stood from time immemorial there has been very little new building going forward. There can be no great privacy where the floors and partitions are more sham than real, and decency stands but a poor chance. The family struggles up somehow, herding together, and accustomed to rough it, and almost forgets its increasing years till it is time for its members to take wing or to marry. Naturally the domestic virtues languish in such a place, and, should the daughters turn out to be tolerable wives and mothers, it is very much to their credit. Even when they go out of doors, in their dirty dress and ungainly manners they reflect very much the character of their miserable home.

Let it not be imagined that we bring a sweeping accusation against all those ancient cottages which are among the most attractive features of the woodland landscapes in the home counties. Some of them no doubt are carefully cared for, and are cottages *ornés* within as without. But in too many cases we fear it is safe to assume that their tumbledown condition is real as well as apparent. They are of a piece with the ornamental but most wasteful farming which often goes on around them—farming such as might have been practised in the days of the Tudors, and which on æsthetic grounds we should be very sorry to see reformed. The winding lanes, with their great straggling hedges, cover the very maximum of space. There is waste grass enough alongside the yawning ditches to support the horses

and donkeys of hordes of tramps. The land is cut up into endless enclosures, and the fields zigzag in all manner of angles, as if they had laid themselves out in a conspiracy to oppose the inroads of the plough. There are rank crops of thistles and ragweed in unconsidered corners, which propagate themselves season after season, blowing their down over the fallow and the meadows. The moss-grown trees in the orchard must be nearly contemporary with the cottages we have been describing, and have gone past the best of their bearing several generations ago. The farm buildings, with the vast old-fashioned barns, were planned in their time with an utter indifference to the area they might cover, and landlord and tenant go on living alike in an odd mixture of extravagance and thrift. They are compelled to starve their daily expenditure, because they have never laid to heart the proverb of penny wisdom and pound folly, and because they will not farm on enlightened principles. They never have the money to grub copes, straighten fences, or sink drain-pipes; it would be impossible to set steam-ploughs to work in those cramped enclosures of theirs; and yet, merely to have the ground scratched by old-fashioned implements, they incur a lavish expenditure in horseflesh. If they cannot afford the money that would enable them to contend on more equal terms with the farmers of more advanced counties, naturally they have none to spare for improving the condition of their labourers. Until the other day the labourers expected little. They found it a hard struggle to make the two ends meet, and to provide daily bread for their families; but they did not know that their class had better wages to the north of the Humber, nor had they ever heard of Canada or Australia. They had a roof over their heads, more or less weather-tight, and they had never hoped for anything more luxurious. But now, whether for good or for evil, those days are gone. The labourers have eaten of the tree of knowledge; they have had penny papers spelled out to them at the village pothouse, and have listened to the heart-moving harangues of Union delegates and emigration agents. They are posted up in the weekly rates of wages in the Northern counties, and they hear strange tales of liberal landowners who have been building sumptuous model cottages. They have learned something of Australasia and the Canadas as the labourer's El Dorados; they are told that free passages are to be had for the asking, with allotments of land at the end of the voyage. Naturally, if it were only for the novelty of the thing, they see everything across the ocean in the rosiest of colours, and ignore the drawbacks which are judiciously kept in the background. They forget that the price of clothes and food usually keeps pace with the rise in wages; they know nothing of the heat of an Australian summer, or of the severity and length of a Canadian winter; they understand nothing of venomous flies and mosquitoes. We do not say that, if they had mastered more thoroughly both sides of the question, they would not still have good reasons for emigrating, both in their own interest and that of their children. But we do say that life in the colonies inevitably seems more inviting to them than it actually is, and that if they once begin to be thoroughly disgusted with their homes in England, the inducements to leave them may well appear irresistible—a result which would make the labour question even more embarrassing for employers. What keeps the labourer in England at present, when so many people are urging him to leave it, is a vague dread of the unknown almost as much as his hereditary habit of local attachment. Although he may live within reach of the smoke of London when the wind happens to set from that direction, he has seldom gone beyond his market-town, and is shy of trusting himself out of the limits of his parish. The idea of making his way to the London Dock, of risking himself in a steamer upon the ocean he has never seen, and then steering away for foreign parts, must seem almost as formidable to him as the search for the other hemisphere seemed to the crews who shipped with Columbus. But his children will be brought up to be familiar with those colonies which he has only heard of late in life, and will probably be rather curious to visit them than otherwise. Their neighbours, who are beginning to go to them now, will send good reports of them to the old parishes. Those who stay at home will hear of successes rather than of disappointments, and the spirit of adventure which has long animated our middle classes will lay hold at last of the classes below them. With far better reason too; for a steady working-man who keeps his health can scarcely fail to make a comfortable livelihood anywhere, while our small capitalists and gentlemen emigrants are constantly coming to terrible grief.

Although, however, wages must tend to rise, they will ultimately find their level; and intelligent working-men may prefer to stay in England, though their actual earnings here may be relatively small. But, to induce them to remain to keep up the labour supply and to keep down wages, employers will find it necessary, as a mere matter of common prudence, to make their homes reasonably comfortable. They will unquestionably find it cheaper in the end to build better cottages, and more of them, for they will find that men who do not live in chronic discontent are much easier to deal with. Nor need the outlay be unremunerative, even putting indirect profits out of the question. With wages as they used to be, spend what money you pleased on your cottage, you could scarcely ask a higher rent for it, whatever amount of money it might have cost, for the simple reason that the tenants could not pay it. But now that wages are on the rise, labourers will be in a position to pay better, and they may be fairly asked to return a reasonable percentage on

the landlord's outlay; while employers may be assured that they will cut the most telling point out of the speeches of the agitators by seeing that their labourers are better housed.

WHAT IS BRIBERY?

IT may be presumed that a number of ingenious gentlemen are at the present moment studying the reports of the trials of Election Petitions with the deepest interest, in the hope of discovering exactly what constitutes bribery. It may be doubted, however, whether their curiosity has its source in the purest motives. The old toy-maker in Dickens's story wished in making a barking dog "to go as near natur' as he could for sixpence"; and it is the business of election agents and managers to go as near bribery as they can without getting their man unseated, and possibly the borough disfranchised. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to them to know the precise limit between a generous and philanthropic open-handedness and legal bribery. It is difficult to say whether they will be encouraged or embarrassed by the decisions which have recently been given. One of the Election Judges has justified the haziness of definitions of bribery on the ground that it is not desirable to intimate to unscrupulous agents too precisely how far they can venture to go with safety. For instance, if it were laid down sharply and distinctly who was an agent, means would be found of getting all the dangerous things done by persons who were just outside the definition. The Judge, therefore, contented himself with a broad general statement that a candidate was responsible for all those who, to his knowledge, were engaged in promoting his election. This vagueness certainly leaves open many pitfalls, and nobody can be quite sure that the giving of money or its equivalent will not bring him to grief; but, on the other hand, it also leaves a considerable field of adventure for a briber who has both wit and enterprise. There is a proverbial protest against the partiality which allows one person to steal a horse with impunity, while another is laid by the heels for only looking over a hedge. But it must be remembered that there are different ways both of looking over hedges and of stealing horses, and that clumsy folk must expect to suffer, while the nimble and dexterous slip through the meshes of the law. There are possibly many persons of ample means and overflowing benevolence who would be excluded from Parliament if a too narrow and uncharitable interpretation were put upon their liberality. Colonel Richardson Gardner, for example, is evidently a man of whom many a small borough would be proud. At Windsor he built two hundred and twenty cottages for poor tenants, and took a lenient view of rent. He also distributed coals all round in winter. It is true that Colonel Gardner has his prejudices. Everybody has his pet abhorrence, and Colonel Gardner's generous nature receives a shock when he is confronted with a Liberal voter. Consequently Liberals gradually disappeared from his cottages, which became a compact and happy Conservative settlement, all the members of which were convinced that, if only their good landlord were also their member, everything would be for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Once there had been a flood, and it was on this account that Colonel Gardner began his benefactions; but he found the sensation of doing good so pleasant that he could not refrain from continuing his gifts. In a contest of vagueness this gentleman proved himself a match for the Judge. He would not admit that he had made it a condition with a tenant that he should join the Conservative Working-Men's Association, but he frankly acknowledged that he was in such a frame of mind that the observation might naturally have fallen from him. He also distinguished delicately between an intention and a hope. There was no intention to bribe, but he hoped that kindness would produce a reciprocity of feeling. Baron Bramwell held that, though Colonel Gardner had been indiscreet, he had done nothing illegal, inasmuch as his benevolence had been of a general character, and there were no specific acts which could be directly connected with the last election. He also remarked that generous treatment of electors who voted secretly was entitled to a presumption of disinterestedness, since there was no security that it would be repaid by votes.

The moral of this decision would seem to be that a candidate who trusts to money must not be generous by fits and starts just as an election comes round, but must have a general character for benevolence, and have been doing kind things at other than election times. On the other hand, the candidates at Stroud probably suffered on account of the isolated character of the act which was construed as bribery. A breakfast was given in a Congregational meeting-house to a number of electors on their way to the poll. It was got up by the ladies of the congregation, and the minister took part in the proceedings. This minister was known to be a conspicuous partisan of the Liberal candidates, and it was therefore held that the breakfast had been given on behalf of the candidates. Tea and toast, it was contended, were a very innocent form of treating, but the Judge would not go into details of that kind; and besides, it is obvious that a testotaller may be bribed by tea as other people are bribed by beer. It could not be denied that a treat had been given to voters, and that it had been countenanced, if not arranged, by an agent of the candidates, and, though the candidates knew nothing about it until afterwards, they were made responsible for it and unseated. No reasonable person can suppose for a moment that this was really bribery, but the candidates were punished because what had been done in

their name fell under certain general conditions which make up the judicial definition of treating, and a door would have been opened for more dangerous forms of hospitality if this chaste and simple banquet had been permitted. Beer or wine might be substituted for tea, while a rich repast would take the place of toast and eggs. The Judge probably felt himself unable to draw the line precisely at any particular refreshments which would impart a criminal character to the feast, and so laid a ban on all refreshments indiscriminately. "Free beer" has been equally disastrous to the member for Poole. It was admitted that beer had been distributed to some of the voters, but it was said that it was not until the day after the election. The streets were then crowded with people waiting to see the procession, and one of the Liberal agents told the landlords of certain public-houses to give bread, cheese, beer, or other refreshments, up to a certain limit of expense, to people who applied for it. The Judge held that the treating had been very general and had been pre-arranged, and declared the election void. The Launceston case is another example of the difficulty of deciding what is and what is not bribery. The charge against Colonel Deakin was that he had bribed his tenants by giving them leave to kill rabbits on his estate. It was urged on his behalf that these rabbits were a great trouble to him, and that, instead of being profitable, they were a loss. He had always told his keepers to keep them down, and at last he said to his tenants, "Confound the rabbits! you may do what you like with them." This permission to kill rabbits was not, his counsel argued, bribery, but merely the utterance of his political sentiments with respect to the Game Laws. Mr. Justice Mellor, however, decided that the rabbits were given over to the tenants with a view to obtain popularity, and thus to influence the election corruptly; and Colonel Deakin has therefore been unseated.

The decisions on the subject of treating have apparently created a good deal of alarm in certain quarters. It has been announced that the Conservatives of Warrington, acting under legal advice, have resolved to abandon a Whitsun-Monday picnic at Walton Hall Park, the residence of the borough member, who had undertaken to provide tea and cake. It would be a pity of course if benevolence and public spirit were unduly restrained by fear of an accusation of political corruption; but, on the whole, a disposition to keep away as far as possible from dangerous ground is perhaps the most healthy state of mind that can be cultivated both in candidates and constituencies. The Conservative working-men of Warrington will be none the worse for having to find tea and cake at their own expense. Tea may be a beverage which exhilarates without intoxicating, or it may be, as its enemies allege, a beverage which makes people bald and disorders their stomachs; but it would be difficult, if not impossible, to draw a distinction in regard to treating between tea and beer or between beer and gin. Constituencies are perfectly free to drink as much tea and, within certain hours, as much beer or gin as they like, but they should pay for their liquor, whatever it is, out of their own pockets. What is wanted is that constituents should respect themselves and that candidates should respect this self-respect. If Baron Bramwell's principle that, under a system of secret voting, treating a voter may be presumed to be disinterested, were logically carried out, almost any sort of bribery would be legalized. The candidate could say, "What I did was done out of pure benevolence, and the voter was free to do as he liked whether he accepted my gift or not." As far as any general deductions can be drawn from the recent decisions, they would seem to come to this, that any liberality on the part of a member or candidate to a constituency immediately on the eve of, during, or immediately after, an election will be regarded with great suspicion, and will probably be scored against the person who practises it; but that general liberality, extending over a series of years, will be more charitably considered. In other words, it may be said that electoral ground-bait, freely distributed with a view of keeping the fishes in a particular quarter in good humour, and bringing them round the distributor's punt, is not unfavourably regarded; but that a fly or a worm attached to a hook, so that only the fish that bites can get it, or at least is entitled to get it, is clear corruption. Election agents have now been warned that a sudden fit of generosity in view of an advantage to be immediately gained by it is especially dangerous. The breakfast at Stroud was given on the morning of the election, and though the tea and toast were sober enough, the oratory which accompanied these mild delicacies may have been, or might be in another case, of a highly intoxicating character. The beer at Poole was given after the election, but it had been promised before. Again, in Colonel Deakin's case, however costly and troublesome his rabbits were, it does not appear that he ever thought of giving them to his tenants till he happened to be in want of his tenants' votes. This may have been an accidental coincidence, but at least it was suspicious, and the object of Election Judges is to make people especially careful to avoid anything which has even a suspicious look. On the other hand, Colonel Richardson Gardner did not go out of his way to do anything unusual at election time. He had been for a year or two very kind to his Conservative tenants, and other Conservatives were led to reflect that Colonel Gardner's cottages were the nearest approach to Eden left for poor Conservative working-men who did not always happen to have their rents ready, and who liked to get coals for nothing. And so the Colonel's seat is safe. It will be seen, therefore, that it is dangerous to take a constituency into keeping for a week or two when an election is impending or in progress, but that permanent maintenance is likely to be excused. Henceforth, if there is

to be bribery, it must, in order to be safe, be in the form of regular bounties extending over a series of years. The decisions of the Election Judges and the natural influence of the Ballot Act both point in this direction. Candidates who set about buying individual votes will suffer if they are found out; but a candidate who invests in general popularity by continuous and sustained expenditure will be supposed to be disinterested. Entrance to the House of Commons will thus be facilitated for very rich men who do not mind paying handsomely for admission, and perhaps also for another class, for Railway Chairmen and the like who have the command of other people's money, and can promise all sorts of advantages to constituencies who have stations on their lines. Meanwhile the most disgraceful and demoralizing bribery of all is left untouched. Colonel Deakin, for the sake of popularity, as the Judge held, gave his rabbits to his tenants, and was unseated. But, after all, his rabbits were at least his own property. There are many candidates who offer other people's property of various kinds as a bait to constituents, and they can do this safely.

MUTABILE SEMPER.

IT was said some years ago that if two American girls met in a stage-coach they would proceed without loss of time to "swop" bonnets. The author of that remark considered that in this particular the young ladies of America differed from those of England, but since that time the commercial instinct has been alarmingly developed among ourselves. A publication called the *Bazaar* devotes itself almost entirely to advertising articles of dress, furniture, books, and every kind of property, and it would seem to be the practice of many English ladies to sell or exchange everything they possess, from bonnets to boots, for the mere sake of excitement and variety. Sometimes, indeed, there is a reason, or something approaching to a reason, for these transactions. "Lovely white embroidered muslin dress, uncut; mourning; cheap." This is a specimen of a large class of advertisements. But a much larger class must be ascribed to want of money or love of change. We need not say that many of these advertisements are to us unintelligible. We do not of course complain of this, because the greater part of this publication is evidently addressed exclusively to ladies, and besides, if we want to know what a particular article is, we can easily gratify our curiosity by buying it. But still we will venture to remark on the mysterious language of some of these advertisements. Here, for instance, is one of the most perplexing:—"Perfectly new black silk, lined with carise silk, bow and jet buckle, massive carved black handle, height of fashion. Cost 19s. Price 11s. 6d., or the three (bought for sisters), 33s. Genuine bargain; no approval; mourning." It may have occurred to men of practical mind in ball-rooms that a lady with a handle would be convenient as a partner; but we cannot say that this idea has yet been embodied in anything that could deserve to be called a good working model. But here it seems are three ladies who, when they are not in mourning, wear on some convenient part of their persons a "massive carved black handle in the height of fashion." Some advertisements declare plainly the reason of the offer. Thus six coloured linen shirts, for summer wear, good patterns, and new, may be had, "as I am pushed for money," at 5s. 6d. each. Many ladies and gentlemen want money, but nobody, at this moment, can want anything for summer wear, and this advertisement may be regarded as proof rather of the severity of the season than of scarcity of money. Perhaps before the winter ends the advertiser may have money to buy a fresh set of shirts. We cannot help thinking, however, that this and other advertisements indicate an unsupplied want. We suggest the establishment of a ladies' pawnbroker, where small sums might be advanced on articles of dress, without the publicity which usually attaches to a transaction under the three balls. Some ladies are doubtless so determined to combine economy with fashion that they are capable of selling off their coloured dresses when they go into mourning. But many of these advertisements appear to be due to the reason which is plainly stated in one of them.

Perhaps the most melancholy of all announcements, however, is that of a lady who has a son to dispose of, and asks advice from persons who may know more of the world than she does. This is not an advertisement, but occurs in a column of queries upon such subjects as "rearing butterflies and moths." One querist seeks "a cheap inland town in the South of England," which we fear will be as hard to find as "an active career for a youth" (evidently genteel), "whose tastes incline him to a life of activity and enterprise," or who, in non-maternal language, has a dislike to plodding industry. Returning to the advertisements, we read that "berceauette and French baby-basket, tastefully trimmed, perfectly new," may be had for 30s. It does not appear whether the baby is included; but any reader who desires to make an offer for a "tastefully trimmed, perfectly new" baby can of course do so. Another advertiser says, "I have half a bottle of Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer to part with for 2s. 6d." It would be only fair to Mrs. Allen to state the reason of this offer, which must apparently arise either from abundance of hair or deficiency of cash. A lady who has moved into a small house offers among other tasteful articles "hearthrug, brilliant colours, registered design, life-size, Turks in room, smoking, coffee-taking, velvet pile." This beautiful example of the application of art to everyday life may be obtained for 2l. 10s. Some advertisements evidently come from dealers, who perhaps adopt this method to estab-

lish a connexion. Thus the statement "I have not disposed of my new kid gloves" would appear, coming from a lady, unnecessary. But we read further that these gloves are of various sizes, of really splendid quality, and will be sold at 1s. 10d. per pair. The epithet "really splendid" sounds tradesmanlike. When a lady wishes to sell one of her own dresses, she says, and probably thinks, that it is "lovely." Sometimes she wants something in a different style of loveliness; sometimes she wants money; sometimes she is willing to take out the value in "dragons or long-faced Antwerp pigeons." One lady must want a pair of boots very much indeed. She offers "two high swansdown calico bodices, or amber necklace, or cash," for "new kid house boots, heeled, fours." To the simple mind of man it would appear that a lady who wants a new pair of boots and has money to pay could go to a shop and buy them. But no doubt amusement and excitement may be got out of the process of "equating," if we may use the word, an amber necklace against a pair of boots. We do not in the least understand how all these transactions, amounting to many thousands, are carried out. Of course, a pattern may be cut off a dress, and we observe that measurements are sometimes given of such articles as boots and corsets. Some advertisements declare that no "approval" will be allowed, and we infer that the mention of these exceptions shows the existence of a rule. But we should like to know whether all these transactions are effected by letter and parcel, or is there anywhere in London an "exchange" of a new kind, where a lady who desires to sell "three pairs coloured cotton stockings, light blue feather, small pink sash, and mother o' pearl buckle, all new, price 10s.," may expect to meet a customer.

Some of these advertisements evidently proceed from dealers, who may perhaps be men. But the advertisements of men's shirts, collars, &c. are inserted, as we should guess, not by the owners, but by their indefatigably thrifty wives. When collars are offered at 7d. each, the advertiser must certainly have a mind capable of the smallest transaction of a household. We find a class of "ecclesiastical" advertisements for which perhaps ladies are not entirely responsible. A silk Cambridge M.A. gown, best quality, very little worn, and a silk cassock, are offered for money. A sermon-case of black velvet, with cross in gold-coloured silk, and lined with white silk, is offered for 8s. 6d. It might perhaps be useful if the advertiser would state whether sermons would be taken in exchange. No address is given by this advertisement, and we cannot but suspect that the affixed number disguises from everybody except a discreet editor the name and address of an interesting, but mercenary, curate who desires to turn into money the gift of an admiring lady of his congregation. It occurs to us that under this head of "ecclesiastical" articles a place might be found for worked worsted slippers, of which interesting curates usually possess a large variety, including patterns as rich and tasteful as that of the Turk taking coffee on the hearthrug. Two pairs of "bouquet makers for the altar" can be had for something over 1l. The reason for selling these articles is not explained. The only article wanted is a "Cambridge gown and hood, M.A., cheap." Under this head of "ecclesiastical," and sub-head of "various," is offered a "great bargain," which is described as a "Highland minister's complete *vade mecum*." It consists of "miniature testament, very large silver-mounted spirit flask, and strong serviceable corkscrew, fitted in superfine Russia leather case." This arrangement for qualifying the water of life with whisky is to us novel; but it may be usual in a damp country like the Highlands. "The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life"; and this is perhaps the reason why a very little Bible is associated with a large supply of whisky. An English minister would perhaps consider some book of prayer a necessary part of his equipment. But in the Highlands ministers despise cold formalism, and cultivate spirituality in their exercises. The corkscrew is doubtless an emblem of that power which is ascribed to the early Saints. One of them took Satan by the nose with a pair of tongs, another bound him with chains, and another made him build a dyke. The power to bind implies the power to loose, and as the ancient Saints shut up the spirits, their modern successor lets them out. That is all the difference. It is quite right that the corkscrew should be "strong and serviceable," for neither the large spirit-flask nor, we suppose, the small Testament, would be of much use without it.

Subscribers to this periodical, besides the opportunity of buying and selling every possible and impossible thing, enjoy the advantage of knowing what are the best novels and the best articles in the magazines and reviews. It would be a gross act of piracy to transfer this information to our columns. Correspondents may obtain answers to questions almost as various as the articles offered for sale or the tastes of the ladies who deal in them. Mr. Trollope has spoken lately of the greatness of a writer in a review who is known by a privileged society to have "smashed" a book. But what is this to the greatness of the correspondent of a country newspaper who knows everything that happens, and a good deal that does not, in the political world of England and Europe, or the still more stupendous grandeur of the editor of one of those papers which know everything about art, science, literature, law, dog-doctoring, and gardening? To say that this editor is up to everything, from pitch and toss to manslaughter, would convey a feeble and wholly inadequate notion of his talents and accomplishments. But more wonderful even than his knowledge is the extent of his transactions. When strangers are dealing together the purchase-money for the article sold may be deposited at his office, and he charges a moderate fee for the accommodation. But

persons who advertise frequently find it convenient to give references as to position and character, and thus to avoid the necessity of deposit. The references must be "first-class" in London, and in the country they must be lawyers, clergymen, or doctors. He decides all disputes between buyers and sellers on inspection of the article and perusal of the correspondence respecting it. If we look at the number of advertisements, and consider that each of them involves several letters, and many of them the passing of some article of dress by post, we shall gain some conception of the extent of the transactions which owe their origin to cheap postage. Notwithstanding the low fees charged on these transactions, we cannot suppose that many of them are directly profitable to the principals. But it doubtless pleases ladies to survey their wardrobes, and reflect that they can, if they think fit, hold a sort of auction, to which all the readers of this periodical will be parties. Wealthy ladies can have really new dresses as often as they desire change, and those who are not wealthy can have dresses which are new to them by resorting to the *Bazaar*. Among those who have discerned and profited by the tastes and tendencies of the age, the founder of this publication deserves an eminent place.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

MR. MILLAIS is a clever picture-maker rather than a great composer; he hardly ranks among the imaginative or intellectual creators of the world; he will not go down to posterity by the side of Rubens, Veronese, and Tintoret; and yet no man has better known how to turn an idea to good account, or to make the most in a business sort of way of materials readily within reach. His last success, "The North-West Passage" (320), has the *savoir faire*, the worldly wisdom, which satisfies the practical common sense of mankind; to be over-subtle and profound, or to fly above the heads of purchasers in a commercial community, has never been among his failings. This most effective picture, which has rightly gained the place of honour in the large Gallery, is happy in its subject. An old sea-captain sits with a glass of grog at his elbow, a chart at his side, and a log-book at his feet; his daughter, apparently thrown in for contrast of youth and beauty, quietly reads, while the sturdy old sailor, pondering over the unsolved problem of "The North-West Passage," exclaims, with the clenched hand of strong resolve, "It might be done, and England should do it." Nothing can be more skilful than the whole arrangement, whether we turn to the Union Jack on the one side, or on the other to a window which carries the eye over a sea sportive with boats borne onward by the wind. The artist as usual shows himself a good economist of time and trouble; he likes breadth because it saves detail; he seeks a brilliancy which is compatible with sketchy slightness. Some passages may have been in danger of degenerating into gayness, but the painter knows at what point to pull himself up, and he has wisely put his whole power into the head of the old captain; there is not a more trenchant study of character in the Exhibition.

To praise certain of our time-honoured Academicians and Associates may be as superfluous as to paint the lily. What words, for example, can do justice to that piece of appalling solemnity, that perfection of wooden gravity and grandeur, "Troy-weight" (275), by Mr. Hart, R.A.? Seldom have we seen its equal in the illustrious school of signboards. Again, no description can possibly convey an adequate idea of Mr. O'Neil's pretty and painstaking picture of poor "Ophelia" (579). Yet it might have been a mercy had she been drowned a little earlier. Also Mr. Thorburn's "Gospel in the Glen" (558) is one of those miracles in art of which seeing is essential to believing. It would appear as if one of the high uses of the Royal Academy were to do ample justice to a class of works which could hardly be appreciated in any other Gallery in Europe. People who cavil at the hanging seem to forget that Academies have sometimes, by a kind dispensation, become hospitals in disguise. It has been objected that this year landscapes have not received their due; but surely the fact must have escaped attention that Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A., and Mr. Thorburn, A.R.A., have each been rewarded for their recent efforts in landscape art by places on the line in the great Gallery.

We have to thank a goodly company of outsiders for the amends made for deficiencies on the part of members of the Academy. Mr. Boughton, for instance, has seldom been so happy as in "God speed! Pilgrims setting out for Canterbury; time of Chaucer" (982). The reading of the story is unhackneyed; it is wholly unlike the compositions of Stothard, Blake, and others. The picture may be said to rely on the multiplication of incident, episode, and by-play; several of the characters, forsaking the beaten path, betake themselves to the springtime meadows; the liquid air and the budding trees are of the vernal time which the poet loved so well; indeed we may fancy that Chaucer's favourite daisy springs beneath the pilgrims' feet. In the foreground a pretty girl offers a draught of water to a youth whose weary journey seems likely to end in a pilgrimage of love. The eye is pleasantly carried hither and thither among a company who wander as they list through a composition arranged rather after the older plan than according to our more concentrated modern method. There are frescoes in the Campo Santo of Pisa which thus tell their story scene by scene. But Mr. Boughton is at great

pains to bring his subject together; indeed few painters are more studious of the just relation between thought and form, composition and colour. Mr. Marcus Stone is clever and brilliant as ever; he gives a pretty play of line, an animated glow of light and colour, in an arrangement of figures among trees entitled "My Lady is a Widow and Childless" (106). Mr. Arthur Hughes throws sweet, though rather sickly, sentiment around the "Convent Boat" (584). Mr. W. V. Herbert, in "Summer Song" (458), falls into formless reverie of fancy, and incoherent rhapsody of colour. Mr. Henry Wallis is more subtle as a colourist; tender and yet lustrous are the lights and tones which play on the marbles and figures, "From Naxos" (572). Verily we live in an age of colour.

But among the outsiders the great success of the season is made by Miss E. Thompson, in a pathetic scene from the Crimean war, "Calling the Roll after an Engagement" (142). An officer on horseback meets on the field of battle the sergeant with the muster-roll; the story to be told is evidently very sad; many are the missing and the dead, and the men who remain to answer to their names bear marks of rough service. Half covered in the snow lies a dead soldier, and over him, with bowed head and clenched hands, stands his comrade, a picture of desolation. It is impossible for a narrative to be told more simply, truly, or pathetically; the incidents touch the heart, the drawing and the execution go direct to nature. M. Bellangé and M. Protais, of the famous French school of battle-painters, who come nearest to this style, might have been as deep in sentiment, but hardly so unflinchingly true to reality. At the Academy dinner, in the course of the speeches made by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, the military accuracy of the picture both in grouping and expression was specially dwelt upon. The youth of the painter precludes the possibility of her having studied the scene on the spot, but she has been at the pains of verifying facts, and she is said to have taken surgical opinion as to the physical aspect and the colour of dead bodies on a battlefield. The current report, however, that she served in an ambulance in the late French and German war turns out to be unfounded. The success of the picture has been almost beyond precedent. It is true that Miss Thompson is favourably known in the Dudley Gallery. She has been a student, too, in the classes at South Kensington; but she worked away in comparative obscurity until, as the saying is, she woke one fine morning and found herself famous. The picture, when it was brought in ordinary routine before the Council, is said to have been greeted by a round of cheers. Since the opening of the Exhibition, thanks, no doubt, in some measure to the laudatory speeches at the dinner, it has been so crowded as to be well nigh invisible. Under such favouring fortune it is not difficult to understand that the modest sum given to the artist on commission is now represented by at least a tenfold value. Surely the Academy is a lottery in which now and then a magnificent prize can be won, and the present case of fair play and full appreciation may be taken as some set-off to occasional error and injustice.

The Exhibition shows a great want of "style." Reynolds defined style in painting to be the same as style in writing, and each is equally neglected in the present day. Blurring out truth roughly and readily, without form or ceremony, is the art which is now affected and most appreciated. We would quote as an example of the low style into which our British school is degenerating Mr. Orchardson's version of "Hamlet and the King" (265). The French actor M. Fechter brought down the lofty Kemble traditions to colloquial standards, and now a Scotchman comes and reduces the noblest of Shakespeare's creations to the level of common nature. The figure has what may be called a weedy growth in the length of the legs. Mr. Orchardson's specimens of humanity are apt to be angular and scraggy, and the lower extremities might seem designed for the cross-legged trade of tailoring, as if "nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." Neither is the art of Mr. Pettie, R.A. Elect, likely to die of dignity. "Ho, ho, ho!" (1362) is the title given to a clever composition representing a cavalier drawing a caricature of Cromwell on a wall. But smartness of thought and daring dash of hand are not enough even for a painter who aspires to no higher walk than the byways of history. It seems to us that the blame which may attach to these and other brilliant artists of their kind is that they could do better if they chose—a proof of which is at once patent in Mr. Pettie's "State Secret" (223). A cardinal seated before a table loaded with official documents has put fire to a paper which contains dangerous revelations. The execution is less scratchy and scattered than heretofore, and the colour, as always, is resonant in deep-toned harmonies; the contrast between the warmth of the burning paper and the cool daylight is well managed. Mr. Halswelle is yet another example of a man who has formed himself on a false style; worse even than we could have feared is the group "Under the Lion of St. Mark" (210); the colour is obnoxious, the manner the reverse of refined. The artist has received wholesome reproof at the hands of the hanging committee. On the contrary, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Long, who also have been accustomed to take as their sketching-ground the two Southern peninsulas of Europe, have been rewarded for work free from pretence and meretriciousness by good places on the line. Both these artists may be supposed to have fallen in love with Byron's "Nut-Brown Maid of Cadiz." "The Visit to a Moor's House" (475), by Mr. Burgess, and "Miss" (1354), the name given by Mr. Long to a little girl likewise tinted with the brown of Moorish blood, are welcome representatives of the modern Murillo school which we owe to the late Mr.

Phillip. Mr. Holyoake's "Sanctuary" (386) is a mistake scarcely redeemed by merit; and much space is usurped without the plea of art treatment by Mr. Robinson's "Deposition of Francesco Foscari, Doge of Venice" (998). In the same category may be thrown "Paris, 1793" (523), by Mr. Pott, and "Covent Garden Market, 1873" (531), by Mr. MacLean. These last-named artists are not without talent, but they are wanting in what Reynolds called "style"; they seem to forget that a picture, like a poem, ought to please; they do not bear in mind that art cannot be divorced from symmetry and beauty.

What used to be called "the St. John's Wood School" appears now to be divided between as many masters as there are men. At any rate, it is difficult to find very much in common between Mr. Armitage, R.A., Mr. Calderon, R.A., Mr. Marks, A.R.A., Mr. Leslie, A.R.A. and Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A. Perhaps it may be said that the prevailing character of this so-called school is a matter-of-fact and prosaic way of looking at nature; this secures a certain downrightness and strength; on the other hand, the abeyance in which the imagination is held starves and chills creation. Yet Mr. Calderon is accustomed to move with fervour; his creative power has been facile and fertile even to excess. But now he inclines to take things easily, and to save himself thought and labour; thus in the "Queen of the Tournament" (335) he does not trouble himself to depart from ordinary routine. Yet the queen and the kneeling knight are so well planned, placed, and painted, that we have only to regret that more pains had not been given to some of the subordinate characters. Mr. Hodgson, at any rate, cannot be set down among those who shirk work; "Returning the Salute" (286) ranks among the most closely studied pictures of the year. The scene is laid on a coast where the Moors have left their mark in tower and walls and horse-shoe arch. An ironclad lies within the hill-girt bay, and on the ramparts in the foreground stands a gun which a terror-stricken nigger is summoning courage to fire at arm's length. The fear of the coward, urged to duty by more manly European comrades, enlivens the scene by a touch of comedy. The contrasted gravity of the general company is a piece of pictorial strategy of which the artist has before availed himself. The composition is carefully calculated, and the execution has solidity and intention.

LE SPHINX AT THE PRINCESS'S.

THE hopes which have been frequently raised of the return to this country of the *troupe* of the Comédie Française have now been partially fulfilled by the appearance of one star from the constellation. Perhaps the greatest, because to English audiences the most novel, charm of the performances given here by the company of the Théâtre Français lay in their completeness. In them, as in the works of great painters, there was no single finish of detail wanting, and there was none put obtrusively forward. Each part was valuable not only for its own sake, but because it helped to make up the harmony of the whole representation. It cannot but be recognized that by the star system these advantages are at once sacrificed. It must be said also that Madlle. Favart, who is the star on this occasion, in selecting a part for her brief appearance, has made a choice which her admirers will regret. It would be difficult to find a greater actress, a better artist, in her own line than Madlle. Favart. The London public had an opportunity of discovering this for themselves three years ago, and probably no one would have been wearied by a repetition of some of the representations which were then given. But, were this so, Madlle. Favart could easily have chosen many new parts which would have suited her better than that which she has chosen. We had occasion to speak last week of M. Octave Feuillet's last play, which belongs to that objectionable class wherein all the dramatic force of the situations hinges on the faithfulness of a wife to a husband or of a husband to a wife. In *Le Sphinx* indeed, for fear the interest should be too weak, both these incidents are combined. It is not a pleasant subject, and it is not pleasantly treated.

Blanche de Chelles, the lady who gives the piece its name, is married to a neglectful husband, who has been away from her for some time when the play opens. She is living not far from Paris with her father-in-law, Admiral de Chelles, and at his house, as is her habit everywhere, she has surrounded herself with a group of adorers. A house close to the Admiral's is occupied by M. de Savigny and his wife, an old friend of Blanche de Chelles. During the first act it appears that De Savigny does not at all approve of Blanche as a companion for his wife; he even resolves to quit the neighbourhood at once. The Admiral, however, is anxious that the intimacy between the two women should continue, thinking that it may have the effect of toning down his daughter-in-law's somewhat "fast" ways. There ensues a scene between De Savigny and Blanche, in which she accuses him of continual enmity towards her, and reproaches him bitterly with wishing now to deprive her of the thing which is most precious to her, his wife's friendship. He replies that it is true that he does not wish his wife to acquire the same views of life which are held by Madame de Chelles, and when she makes a bitter reply to him, calling him a "moraliste sévère," he answers in this speech, which seems to open up an entirely new and very curious system of moral philosophy:—

Je suis loin d'être aussi sévère que vous le dites... cela serait fort ridicule... et, si je rends aux femmes de devoir l'hommage de profond

respect qu'elles méritent entre toutes, je ne refuse assurément aux autres ni mon indulgence, ni ma sympathie... ni même, au besoin, mon estime... mais à une condition, je l'avoue, c'est qu'en désertant le devoir, elles ne cèdent pas au simple attrait du plaisir et de la coquetterie... mais qu'elles obéissent du moins à quelque sentiment sérieux, élevé... à une de ces passions, enfin, dont une femme vit et dont elle est prête à mourir!

Those who are acquainted with French plays of the present day will not perhaps be startled at finding an illicit passion described as a "sentiment sérieux et élevé." Indeed, to be in love with some one else's wife or husband is in one sense "sérieux." But the doctrine involved in the speech is, if we have understood it rightly, a little astonishing. It would seem that mere folly is beyond all question of pardon. To crime however, or to what is in its nature criminal, one may extend indulgence, sympathy, it may be even esteem. It is natural under the circumstances that these reflections should not trouble Blanche de Chelles, and that to De Savigny's tirade she should only reply ("d'un accent profond," "Eh bien, alors?") She then avows that she is driven into all her follies and extravagances by one of those consuming passions "dont une femme vit et dont elle est prête à mourir." She produces a packet of letters which she has written, but never sent, to the object of this passion, and, by an ingenious appeal to De Savigny's generosity, half tempts, half tricks him into reading them. As he opens and reads the first letter the curtain falls. The letters are, of course, addressed to him, and the rest of the play is occupied with his somewhat rapid yielding to temptation, and with the catastrophe which results from it. It is mentioned in the first act that Blanche de Chelles is in the habit of wearing a ring in the shape of a Sphinx's head which contains a deadly poison. When, in the last act, open war is declared between Blanche and Madame de Savigny, the former breaks the ring and empties its contents into a glass of water. She has an impulse to administer this to the wife whom she has wronged, but, resisting this impulse, she drinks it herself, and dies as De Savigny enters the room.

The play is not one of its author's happiest efforts. There is, however, a fine dramatic irony in the way in which the opportunities which Blanche has for persuading De Savigny away from his duty are always unconsciously provided by De Savigny's wife. In this respect the situation at the end of the third act is singularly impressive. Blanche, driven to desperation, has revealed to Madame de Savigny her resolution to elope that night with Lord Astley, one of her many admirers. This plan is communicated to De Savigny by his wife, who begs him to do all that he can to stop it. He accordingly bars Blanche's way, and opposes her project with so fierce a determination that she at last cries in triumph, "Ah! vous m'aimez donc!" This of course is the cue for their rushing into each other's arms. The novelty in this situation is that the whole conversation between the lovers is overheard by the wife, who pretends, however, to have heard nothing. Like everything that M. Feuillet has done, the play is well written; yet, in spite of that, it is in parts not only disagreeable, but dull. It deals too much in disquisitions on character. Madame de Chelles is the same type of woman which M. Feuillet has drawn before under the name of Madame de Campvallion in his novel *Monsieur de Camors*. It may be supposed that this description of Blanche given by Lord Astley in *Le Sphinx* is intended to be correct:—

Madame de Chelles est une de ces femmes qui naissent mûres, pour ainsi dire, qui, par suitepeut-être d'une éducation fautive, sont blasées avant d'avoir vécu, et pour qui le fruit défendu, même avant qu'elles y aient goûté, n'a plus de goût—à moins qu'il ne soit relevé par quelque saveur extraordinaire. Pour leur faire oublier, non leurs principes—elles n'en ont pas—mais leur délicatesse et leur fierté, il ne suffit pas d'un amour de salon, il faut un amour hardi, singulier... quelque chose d'héroïque ou de criminel... Les femmes comme elle sont des astres échappés de leur orbite et qui n'ont plus de lois... ils touchent aujourd'hui à l'héroïsme, demain au crime.

This description would apply exactly to Madame de Campvallion. The chief difference between the characters lies in this, that in *Monsieur de Camors* Madame de Campvallion did her best to poison her rival, and that Blanche, though this plan does occur to her, thinks it better in the end to poison herself. This we are probably meant to regard in the light of heroism as opposed to crime. There is room in the length of a novel for the proper and artistic development of such a character as Madame de Campvallion or Blanche de Chelles; whereas in the four short acts of a play there is not room for the method which M. Feuillet has adopted. He probably felt unequal to making such a character develop itself within his limits from the inside, and was forced to have recourse to such descriptions from the outside as that quoted above.

There are other reasons besides those of art which make it undesirable to deal upon the stage with subjects which may be fitly, even advantageously, handled in a romance. Therefore, in the first place, it is to be regretted that Madlle. Favart has chosen to appear in *Le Sphinx*. In the second place, the part of Blanche is by no means suited to her great, but somewhat peculiar, powers. It is in the exalted regions of emotion, not in the more level passages of everyday existence, that her genius finds its proper path. She excels in depicting violent passion, whether vented or suppressed, most of all perhaps in representing a lofty scorn. Those who saw her performance of *L'Aventurière* three years ago will remember how the speech concluding

Relevez donc les yeux, honnêtes gens,

seemed to wither those to whom it was addressed. Her acting in that part indeed, as in many others, was almost faultless. It is

true that there are outbursts and indications of passion throughout the part of Blanche de Chelles, and of these it must be said that the actress makes the very most. The look in the first act, when Madame de Savigny first appeals to her to change her ways, conveyed a whole tragedy of sorrow and hopelessness and scorn both for the world and herself. Again, the kind of prescience of coming evil indicated through light words in her face and manner as she handled the fatal ring, was admirably imagined and executed. And the triumphant cry "Vous m'aimez donc!" at the end of the third act was given with a rare force and concentration of meaning. But the emotion in the earlier portions of the play is for the most part masked beneath an appearance of light coquetry, of fascinating joyousness, of playful petulance. Such a mask as this Madlle. Favart is incapable of assuming; and consequently her performance, artistic as it was in every detail, produced a jarring effect. In the last act the varying passions of Blanche de Chelles are bared without disguise, and there Madlle. Favart found for a brief space full scope for her powers. It would be difficult to interpret better the rapid emotions, expressed partly by voice, partly by countenance, which culminate in the moment when Blanche is tempted to poison Madame de Savigny, and resists the temptation. The thought, the struggle with it, and the victory over it, were told in a moment, and told as only a great actress could tell them. It would have been well had the curtain fallen here, before the death-scene of which we had occasion to speak last week. It might have been safely predicted that Madlle. Favart would represent this scene with less horror of detail than is introduced into it at the Théâtre Français. Her death-scene in *Julie* proved that she could represent death upon the stage so as to be appalling, yet not repulsive. Even in her hands the death of Blanche de Chelles is repulsive. The sudden rigidity of feature and limb, the inarticulate moans of pain, the violent and irresistible tremor which accompany death by poison are things of horror which should not be dragged from real life to the stage. It should be mentioned that Madame de Chelles's last breath is employed in calling for her veil, with which she desires to conceal her face from De Savigny. It is disheartening to find so great a writer as M. Octave Feuillet descending to such a paltry piece of theatrical effect as this. Madlle. Favart's representation in *Le Sphinx* will not, it is to be feared, add to her deservedly great fame. Those who have seen her genius at its best in such plays as *Les Caprices de Marianne*, *L'Aventurière*, and *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, will be disappointed by her present performance, which, to those who have not seen her at all before, can give no just idea of her powers.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

AFTER the miserable burlesque of racing witnessed at the Craven Meeting, the improvement, however slight, in the sport of last week was doubly welcome. And though the Two Thousand was contested by about as moderate a lot of horses as ever took part in a big race, the One Thousand amply made up for any deficiencies in its more ambitious rival, and the interest of the meeting was fairly sustained to its close. Usually it is difficult for any large number of people who meet on a racecourse to agree exactly as to what they come out to see; but last week there was one pervading anxiety, to see how Ecossais would run, and opinions were pretty equally divided as to the chance of his winning or breaking down. The form of the French horse was so far superior last year to that of any other two-year-old that it was generally admitted that, if he had made average improvement during the winter, the Two Thousand was at his mercy, especially as Marsworth was disqualified, and more than one of the prominent performers of last season, such as Newry, were not engaged in the Newmarket race. On the other hand, there was the fact of his having declined several valuable engagements towards the close of the past year, and of his having presented the appearance to experienced judges, even on the first occasion of his running in public, of a horse who would not stand a long or a severe course of training. Still the weeks went on, weeks too of uninterruptedly dry weather, and there were no signs either that Ecossais had given way, or that he was doing so little work as to be practically unfitted for the great struggle on the 6th of May. So his friends argued that, as he had stood training so long, he would have no difficulty in carrying off the Two Thousand from the ragged field opposed to him; while his enemies—and they were those who never put trust in a horse who has once been suspected of unsoundness—waited to have a good look at him before pronouncing a final decision. But both friends and enemies admitted that, if Ecossais were really out of the way, the task of finding the probable winner of the race was only rendered more arduous; and Spectator was selected in such an emergency, probably more because he ran second in the Middle Park Plate last year than for any other reason. But there never was a better chance for an outsider to win a great race; and accordingly a large field might have been expected. Yet when the numbers went up it appeared that there were only twelve starters, the most notable absentees being Mr. Merry's pair, Rob Roy and Sir William Wallace. Had either of this pair succeeded in running into a forward position, Mr. Merry would have had some line by which to measure his Derby prospects; and it will be odd indeed if, with four candidates, the Russley stable cannot furnish one

capable of taking his own part at Epsom in the very moderate company that may be expected to assemble there next month.

The field for the Two Thousand was made up of Ecossais, Atlantic, representing Lord Falmouth instead of Aquilo, Reverberation, Spectator, Whitehall, Boscobel, Farnsfield, Earl Marshal, Vincent, Trent, Dukedom, and Lacy. A glance at the pages of the *Racing Calendar* will show how few of these had any pretensions to compete in the great races of the year, and the majority had not even the merit of being brought to the post thoroughly fit to run. The field, take it throughout, was not only moderate in quality, but backward in condition, Whitehall, Boscobel, and Dukedom, in particular, wanting a great deal more time. Spectator indeed looked well, but he has not grown a bit since last year, and presented the appearance of a horse more suited to a six-furlong course than to a mile or a mile and a half. As for the favourite, Ecossais, we did not hear one solitary word spoken in his favour in the enclosure—to which, by the way, the public were admitted last week on payment of half a guinea for entrance; and it may be observed that, if the number of races at Newmarket is diminishing, the facilities offered to visitors to expend guineas and half-guineas show no signs of decrease. He had not grown much, he was not half trained, he had a great deal of flesh and very little muscle, he was soft; he walked very tenderly, indeed he was already lame in his off fore-leg. Such was the tenor of the comments that caught our ear on every side; and we may safely say that no favourite for a great race ever went through his preliminary inspection with so little credit to himself as Ecossais before the Two Thousand. On the other hand, Atlantic was unanimously held to be trained to perfection, and to be fitter to run than any other horse in the enclosure. Still he receded instead of advancing in public favour as the time drew on; principally on the strength of a rumour that, according to their trials with Andred, he was not better than, if so good as, his stable companion Aquilo. And, despite Ecossais's manifest want of condition, he became a stronger favourite every moment as it became more and more apparent how little there was to oppose him. We should add that Reverberation was not saddled in the enclosure, but that those who saw him were satisfied with his appearance, and, considering his recent dead-heat with Miss Toto, judged him fully capable of running into a place. There was unusually little delay at the post, and the story of the race is soon told. Atlantic, who carried a lot of dead weight, being ridden by the light weight, Archer, who is rapidly rising to eminence in his profession, forced the running, his superior condition justifying the adoption of this policy. It has been said that Atlantic was never headed from start to finish, but, according to our observation, that statement is inaccurate. Coming down the Bushes hill it appeared to us that Ecossais held a clear lead, which he retained till the commencement of the ascent, when he literally stood still from want of condition, and Atlantic and Reverberation passed him without an effort. We never saw a horse die away so suddenly and so hopelessly; yet that Ecossais has not lost his fine turn of speed is manifest, for, though only half trained, he beat all his opponents for speed over nine-tenths of the distance. Two days later, and the long-expected catastrophe happened. On pulling up after a good gallop Ecossais was found to be lame; and perhaps it would have been better, both for his own reputation and for the pockets of his supporters, if he had broken down before, instead of after, the Two Thousand. The struggle for victory between Atlantic and Reverberation was not so severe as might be inferred from the fact of Lord Falmouth's colt winning only by a neck. He had always the best of it up the final hill, and stalled off the challenge of Reverberation without difficulty. The victory, we think, was won with something in hand, thanks to the winner's perfect condition. As regards the future, however, it is impossible for Atlantic to make any further improvement before the Derby, while Reverberation, whose rapid advance from plating form to the front rank is the most notable incident of the present season, is capable of being made at least 7 lbs. better. It is hardly likely that danger is to be apprehended from anything that ran in the Two Thousand behind the leading pair, especially as Ecossais is not likely now to see the post on the Derby day; but Lord Falmouth has a second string in his bow in Aquilo, who, despite his inglorious exhibition in the Newmarket Biennial, is currently reported to be better over a mile and a half than his stable companion Atlantic. Anyhow the field for the Derby promises to be of the most moderate quality, and ought consequently to be of large size, for really any horse that can gallop at all decently must have a chance.

We may now pass to the One Thousand Guineas, the race for which is run on the Rowley mile instead of the Ditch mile as heretofore. Nine came to the post, including Apology and La Courouse, who, after Miss Toto, held the highest rank among the two-year-old fillies, Lady Bothwell and Blancheur. Mr. Savile was represented by a plain-looking daughter of Skirmisher, Lord Ailesbury by *Aventurière*, Mr. Bowes by *Polonaise*, and Sir Joseph Hawley by *Devastation*. No fault could be found with the condition of the French filly, La Courouse. She at least was not half trained, like Ecossais; but she has grown very little since last year, and though neat and wiry, looked hardly so adapted to the course as Apology, who has grown into a remarkably fair mare, and appeared thoroughly prepared for the contest. Blancheur, like all the Heath House horses this season, was in excellent condition, and carried Lord Falmouth's popular colours conspicuously in the race; but the real struggle lay between La Courouse and Apology, and the latter won by outstaying the former. Some

part of the credit for her victory must be given to her jockey, J. Osborne, who rode her with consummate judgment, and brought her up exactly at the right moment. It was just a case where an inferior rider would have lost the race to a certainty, for La Coureuse held a fair lead up to within a hundred yards of the finish, and was going strongly and well, while Apology, who may be a sluggish mare and who evidently requires a good deal of riding, had to be roused halfway down the Bushes hill. But when fairly called upon in the Abingdon Bottom, she responded gamely, and her superior stride enabled her to overhaul the French filly. M. Lefèvre has so far had most tantalizing luck in great races this season, but he may possibly have his revenge in the Oaks, if Miss Toto proves to be much better than La Coureuse. Otherwise Apology can hardly meet with defeat at Epsom, if she comes to the post fit and well, as a distance of ground evidently suits her, and a hill also. Blanche fleur, we may add, was a good third in the One Thousand, and Lady Bothwell, who seems to have wintered badly, last of all.

Of the two-year-old racing of the week we may remark that Ladylove, a daughter of Blair Athol, and Peripatetic ran a close race for the Bathany Post Sweepstakes, but that in endeavouring to concede 5 lbs. on a subsequent day, the former was decisively beaten by Chaplet, though she disposed of seventeen other runners with ease. Chaplet is a daughter of Beadsman, and fetched a very large price at Sir Joseph Hawley's sale; and she carried off her first engagement, the Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes, with so much in hand that her form must be pronounced the best that has been at present displayed by the juveniles. As usual, however, in races of this description, the majority of the competitors ceased to persevere when the pursuit of Chaplet was hopeless; and too much stress must not be laid on the fact of Ladylove carrying her penalty into second place, for it is probable that she only obtained that position by sufferance. The remaining two-year-old event to which we need refer resulted in the decisive defeat of another penalized winner, Lady Rosebery, who could not get her extra weight anywhere near Quiver, a smart daughter of Toxophilite. It has been said that good two-year-olds can give weight to horses of their own age with ease; the inference from which would be that the two-year-old winners up to the present time have not—with the exception of Cashmere—established their claims to superiority. The general racing of the week need not detain us long. Oxonian ran in two matches, winning the one he might have been expected to win, losing that which he might have been expected to lose. At 7 lbs. he had all the best of the weights with the four-year-old Trombone, and the course—the last five furlongs of the Rowley mile—was exactly suited to him; yet, curiously enough, Trombone was made the favourite. The attempt to give no less than 5 st. to a three-year-old, even were he the worst three-year-old in training, was pretty sure to fail, and the course chosen—the last half of the Abingdon mile—made the task of the light weight more easy still. In this case the match was one in name only; for Oxonian had not the ghost of a chance. He was chopped at the start, and the race was over before he was fairly in his stride. Perhaps the best race of the week was one between those old opponents, Prince Charlie and Blenheim, at even weights. The splendid son of Blair Athol won by a head, but we cannot agree with those who thought he won easily. It seemed to us that he had to do all he could in order to win at all; and though Prince Charlie's trainer is reported as ready to meet Blenheim again on the same terms, and confident as to the result, we think the owner of Blenheim need not shrink from the encounter. The Newmarket Stakes lost all their interest through the accident which befell Ecossais, who otherwise would have been brought out to meet George Frederick; and Mr. Cartwright's horse had only a solitary opponent in Beggarman. George Frederick won, as he was bound to win, from start to finish; but no information as to his Derby prospects could be gleaned from such a performance. In appearance he is still backward in condition, and gives one the idea of turning out a steady useful horse rather than a probable winner of any of the great races of the year. However, horses of that stamp could never have a better chance of distinguishing themselves in the Derby than this year.

The general character of the sport at the First Spring Meeting may be gathered from the preceding remarks, and it will be seen that there was a substantial improvement on the racing of the previous meeting. It is satisfactory also to notice a significant hint in the official organ of the Jockey Club that the general condition of racing at Newmarket had formed one subject of discussion at the last meeting of the Club. Discussion may possibly lead to action; and it is a step in the right direction to admit that the conduct of sport at Newmarket is not so absolutely perfect as to be beyond the reach of criticism.

REVIEWS.

MARKHAM'S PERSIA.*

IF the author of this bulky volume had seriously claimed for it a place amongst the histories of great monarchies, we should have been tempted to remind him of the reply given by Bentley to

* *A General Sketch of the History of Persia.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S., Editor of the "Narrative of the Embassy of Clavijo to Samarkand." London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

Pope when asked if he had seen his Homer. "Your Homer!" said the slashing critic; "oh, yes, I recollect; a very pretty poem, but you must not call it Homer." In the same strain we might say that Mr. Markham has compiled a very excellent volume, but we ought not to call it history. Indeed we do not gather, either from the preface or the contents, that the author aspires to anything beyond the praise of giving a connected and accurate historical sketch of the various dynasties which have ruled over the Persian Empire, a geographical description of its cities and provinces, and a notice of the works of some of its chief poets. We are frankly told that Mr. Markham has depended on translations for his materials, and that he is not a Persian scholar. On the other hand, the execution of the work proves incontestably that the writer possesses some of the qualifications which we ought to expect in authors of the first rank, and without which no one ought even to attempt an historical narrative. He is conscientious and painstaking. His official training has taught him the art of analysing and condensing his materials. He knows how to discriminate between good and bad guides. And he has brought together, in some five hundred and fifty pages, an immense amount of facts about Persia, arranged with method and set off in a style which, if never eloquent or epigrammatic, is unpretentious, clear, and concise. In a volume running over with Oriental names and expressions the mistakes are few and not very serious. But in some places the notes almost equal the text; here and there we have expressions which seem out of place save in the diary of a "Special Correspondent," and now and then there occur errors in the translation or the spelling of Persian names. For instance, we are introduced to the officer who commanded in an action against the Persians in 1812 as "the Russian villain"; and in the next page we are told that the same Power left an ill-defined boundary to its conquests, "in order that a bone of contention might exist, over which to play the part of the wolf and the lamb with their unfortunate neighbour." What Mr. Markham means is of course obvious; what he says is, that the strong Man is to play both parts in the trite fable, and that, we apprehend, is scarcely possible even for a Czar.

The celebrated Mahommed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, is called "an old ruffian." The Kajar dynasty is characterized as "blundering," which we can only account for on the supposition that the author had the famous Bath letter before him while he was composing. We are hardly concerned to know that "there was a chimneypiece at Helmdon in Northamptonshire on which was the date 1133, in Arabian figures." The statement is introduced in connexion with the name of Abu-Ali-Sina, or Ibn-Sina, commonly known as Avicenna. We should very much like to see the authority for "a current story, that the Rajput Ranas of Meywar are descended from Noushirwan," the Just. The Hindu tradition, usually accepted, is, on the contrary, to the effect that the Rana of Oodeypore is the representative of Rama, the mythical hero of a great epic poem and of a hundred exploits; and the present family, acknowledged to be the bluest blood in India, dates as far back as A.D. 144. It is quite certain that the Ranas of this principality never gave their daughters in marriage to the Mahomedan Emperors as other Rajpoots did; that, in their own hill-forts and jungles, they maintained a noble stand against the Imperial forces; and that, amongst chieftains more punctilious than German princes about etiquette or precedence, the first rank amongst Rajpoots is still by universal consent conceded to Oodeypore. The descent from Noushirwan, we think, may be taken as a little bit of Persian bombast. Mr. Markham is under the impression that Lord Ellenborough's gates of Somnath were sent from the Sutlej to the temple in Guzerat, whence they had been carried off by Mahmood of Ghazni, with his iron mace, some eight hundred years before. For a long time after the publication of the *Song of Triumph* the gates in question were set up in the arsenal at Agra, together with twenty thousand stand of smooth-bore muskets, and we have no reason to believe that their resting-place has been altered. "My brothers and friends," we may observe, cared very little about the "insult of eight hundred years," which was perhaps fortunate, as one-half of the princes of India would have been insulted twice over by an act of restoration intended to gratify the other half. The Persian title "Shah Jehan" does not mean "Seat of the King," but "Lord of the Universe." The poet of wine and roses is commonly Hafiz, and not Hafizh. A *yabu* is not an "inferior beast," except in the sense in which a pony may be called inferior to a horse. In his appendix giving a useful synopsis of Persian titles and terms, weights and measures, Mr. Markham appears to fall into a curious error in explaining the title Suraj-ud-Dowlah. This appellation, it may be recollected, was assumed by that Nawab of Bengal who is always held up to popular indignation as one of the ogres of history, in connexion with the Black Hole of Calcutta. In some of the writings of the last century his name is wonderfully metamorphosed into Sir Roger Dowler. Mr. Markham is not quite correct in saying that the interpretation of this title is "firmament of the State." The true rendering is "lamp" or "luminary of the State," but the author goes on to say that *siraj* is improperly used in India for the sun. Now a word in very common use in India for the sun is *siraj*, derived from the Sanskrit *surya*, and there is no impropriety in its employment. The word *siraj* is simply Arabic, and is quite different.

But the detection of incidental errors must not blind us to the merits of the work, or deprive its author of the praise of successful industry. Into no similar compass, as far as we know, has there been compressed such a quantity of useful information about the rise, progress, and fall of regal houses. It is a wide range of re-

search which begins with Rostum and Zal and ends with Baron Reuter; and it is not too much to say that any one requiring to verify a date, to trace the fortunes of a robber chief on his way to empire, to understand the tenets laid down in the Zendavesta, and to gain some general knowledge of the manners, customs, and religion of Iran, will have little difficulty in here finding just what he wants. To review such a work in detail is of course out of the question; but we can just indicate the steps by which the Persian Empire, once in a position to threaten Greece and to defy Imperial Rome, has come down to its present condition of driftless diplomacy, barbaric splendour, and inward decrepitude.

The earliest dynasty is known as the Peshdadian, from Peshdad, the title of the first of the line, Kaiomurs or Kaymoras. The term Peshdad, however, does not mean "just judge," as Mr. Markham translates it, but simply "lawgiver"; and the annals of this dynasty taken from Ferdusi's great poem and from an Arabian work relied on by Malcolm, are about as historical as those of the early Roman kings. This dynasty was supplanted by Afrasiab, who came down from the great Turkoman desert, overran Iran, and, in his turn, had to give way to Kai Kobad, who founded what the Persians call the Kaianian, and the Greeks the Achæmanian line. These princes occupy the space in history during which Persia is known to us for more than five centuries, through the Greek and Roman writers, and English and German scholars have of late years reaped the credit of deciphering difficult rock inscriptions, and of reconciling, as far as possible, the legacies of native tradition with the facts so familiar to us in the Bible and in Herodotus. About the end of the second century of our era Ardeshir, descended on the mother's side from the Kaianians, overthrew the reigning monarch, claimed for himself the appellation of King of Kings, and called the new dynasty Sassanian, after his grandfather Sassan. This house lasted for some four hundred years, and it includes amongst its princes Noushirwan, whose justice has passed into a proverb, and Shapur, or Sapor, who captured a Roman Emperor. Next came the Arabs, and swept everything before them. After two centuries powerful lieutenants began to set up a standard of independence in distant provinces, and to throw off allegiance to the Khalifs of Baghdad. These events bring us down first to Chenghiz, and then to Timur and the conquest of India, and this has led Mr. Markham, somewhat needlessly, to introduce a sketch of Baber and his descendants, wound up with a note about the Indian Mutiny and the King of Delhi, which seems to have been added on the principle that accurate official statistics had better not be thrown away. Indeed one of the blemishes of the work is the constant introduction of topics foreign to the main subject, swelling out the book by collateral matter beyond its just proportions. After this we really get to what may be termed modern Persia. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the Shîa form of Mahomedanism became the State religion; and at its close the Empire attained its greatest prosperity and its widest extent under Shah Abbas the Great. Then Isfahan became, in familiar rhyme, *nîsf Jehan*, or half the world. From that date the pages of our author are taken up with accounts of kings who appear to have been born only to impel their subjects and country down the incline of national degeneracy. Cruel or effeminate, they were overrun by the Afghans or outwitted in diplomacy by the Russians. After Nadir Shah, a mighty Empire was split up into four considerable portions, each ample enough to support a dynasty, and a chief of the Kajars, of Turan or Turkish origin, became Shah of Persia at the close of the last century. The visitor whom all London stared at for ten days last summer, and who was termed the successor of Xerxes and Darius, is, in fact, the fourth in succession from the head of a tribe of Kuzilbashes which had first appeared in Persia in the train of Chenghiz Khan, and which had eventually settled down near Astembad, to the south-west of the Caspian Sea.

In spite of the elegance of its language, the splendour and antiquity of its remains, and the polish of its inhabitants, Persia does not inspire us with very keen hopes for the future. One is rather perplexed to account for its ancient prestige and unquestionable strength. Mr. Markham says, at the close of his long sketch, that whatever may be its ultimate fate, there will always be a charm about its history, and that the palaces of Persepolis and the poetry of Sadî and Hafiz will suggest the most delightful associations. This is all perfectly true, and a pleasant tour in Persia may be accomplished, with the excitement of an attack by Turkomans, at a moderate expenditure, and without fear of finding a party of Mr. Cook's tourists, on arrival at a serai, monopolizing the relays of horses and exhausting the supplies of the Bazaar. But what, the reader or traveller may ask, has become of the amplitude of resources which at one time frightened Europe, and at another sent a conqueror over half Asia? The truth is, of course, that an Oriental despotism has vigour but not vitality. Hordes of plundering cavalry, and able and unscrupulous commanders who have risen from the headships of tribes or villages to live in palaces and sit on jewelled thrones, succeed for a time. Every now and then we hear of a great ruler like Shah Abbas who boasts of a foreign policy marked by sagacity and an internal administration based on religion and law, or a name like that of Karim Khan stands out in bright contrast to others who have tortured their subjects or murdered their nearest relations. But the best of despots fails to create a middle class, and the system by which the revenue is collected and the courts are administered is fundamentally bad. Then the climate and the physical aspect of the country seem to us insuperable obstacles to national revival. There are fine forests in

the northern provinces; there are fertile strips and productive gardens wherever in the central districts water is to be had. But half the streams have no outlet, or end in sands. The climate passes from an icy winter into a blazing summer. No tropical rains drench and fertilize the soil; no rivers bring down the accumulated silt which works such wonders in the valley of the Mississippi, the Gangetic Delta, or the Annamite peninsula; and if there are any mineral resources in the Persian Empire, they are unexplored, or so little known as to be of no account in estimating the recuperative power of the nation. Mr. Markham gives us *in extenso* the well-known concession of the Shah to Baron Reuter, but reminds us in a note that the Persian Government has just declared the convention to be null and void. That any one having even a limited acquaintance with the system of any Oriental State could have ever augured from such an undertaking any good result to either monarch or contractor, has always appeared to us an absolute marvel. From the very first it was obvious that the Baron could only succeed by putting the Shah and his functionaries entirely on the shelf, and by over-riding national customs, Oriental conservatism, and all private rights whatever. Nearly every one of the twenty-four sections of the concession bristles with the elements of discredit, confusion, and difficulty. To take the case of India as the nearest parallel, we will venture to say that there has been not a Governor-General from Lord Wellesley to Lord Northbrook who would have encouraged or allowed a single one of our feudatory Nawabs or Rajas to sign such a one-sided agreement. And why a convention which would be inequitable or impracticable at Jyepore, Hyderabad, or Puttiala, should be permitted to pass without protest or should be likely to succeed at Teheran, entirely passes our comprehension. Reforms in Persia must commence from within. The system of collecting the public revenue must be reformed. Turkoman raiders must be rooted out or driven back. It is quite possible to conciliate the tribes of the Ilyats and even to convert them into useful Irregular troops. And there is no reason why roads and works of irrigation should not be constructed by the Government of the Shah without any abject surrender of all its dignity and power. The effects of the late famine will, however, be felt for another generation, and meanwhile our Minister at Teheran may usefully employ his time in re-establishing a wholesome ascendancy with the King and his advisers. We recommend Mr. Markham's work as a perfect storehouse of facts, but if any reader wishes to penetrate below the surface of Persian society, we should suggest to him to read Morier's *Hadji Baba*, if he can procure a copy. That the adventures of this worthy, both in his own country and in England, were not reprinted by some enterprising publisher during last summer has always surprised us. A due study of the works of writers acquainted with the country would have prevented the English press from discussing the late Persian concession in terms of innocent wonderment or indiscriminating praise.

FARADAY'S FORCES OF NATURE.*

THE substance of Faraday's lectures on the Various Forces of Nature has long ere this been presented to a larger audience than the juvenile throng who hung upon his lips at the Royal Institution thirteen or fourteen years ago. By way of abstracts or epitomes, more or less full and accurate, the lectures found their way into print and were widely disseminated. The time that has since elapsed, so far from lessening their value or diminishing the desirableness of having them once more set forth in print, makes the present publication the more welcome and opportune, especially as we now have the advantage of seeing them in an authentic shape, taken down literatim from the author's mouth, and passed through the press under the care of a thoroughly qualified editor. The lightest utterances of this Chrysostom of scientific lecturers were of pure gold, and even the sparkles of his eloquent exposition of nature—when, in his own unaffected language, he returned to his second childhood, and became again as it were young amongst the young—were something more than the transient entertainment of an afternoon hour. Simple as they are, and adapted to the capacity of any young person or even child of average intelligence, these lectures are pregnant with meaning to a degree which is not often seen in addresses to more advanced or critical audiences. There is indeed no truer test or proof of genius in a teacher than this power of combining simplicity with depth, carrying with him the minds and sympathies of the youngest and least mature among his listeners, without wearying auditors of advanced culture or no longer young. For those whose tastes or duties lie in the direction of oral teaching, these lectures may well serve as an example how best to reach the youthful understanding, and to prepare the food of the mind for the easy assimilation of babes. One main ingredient in the pleasure which these addresses originally gave is indeed to be enjoyed no more. His unrivalled dexterity and unflinching skill in experiments gave to Faraday's lectures a charm which no other teacher of science had possessed since Davy. There was, as his editor justly claims for him, no risk of apologies for an unsuccessful experiment; no hanging fire in the midst of a series of brilliant demonstrations, producing a depressing tendency akin to the pain

* On the various Forces of Nature, and their Relation to each Other. A Course of Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience at the Royal Institution, by Michael Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S. Edited by William Crookes, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations. London: Chatto & Windus. 1874.

felt by an audience at a false note from a singer. Something has been done to make up for this unavoidable drawback by occasional illustrations, as well as by brief descriptions of each particular experiment inserted in the text. For the rest, all must be left to the clearness of exposition inherent in the lecturer's own words, unobscured as they are by superfluous technicalities, and sparkling as they do throughout with the fire of sensibility and genius.

How is the idea of force, which the most profound among philosophers will feel the greatest hesitation in defining, to be brought home to the apprehension of a class of boys or girls? This is the problem which Faraday sets himself to solve in the first of these half-dozen lectures. Here the tact of the lecturer is shown in the way in which he leads his hearers on by successive steps of induction, from obvious and familiar instances of natural forces in action, to something like a distinct generalization of force in the abstract. The particular force dealt with in the opening lecture is that of gravitation. The notion of force first comes into the mind upon observation of what is going on in nature, more especially of what we are ourselves conscious of being able to effect in nature, followed by analysis of what causes these effects. Prior to such reflection all things are taken for granted, exciting no kind of wonder. To the savage, and no doubt to the child, how he came here, how he lives, by what means he stands upright or moves from place to place, is a matter of neither curiosity nor bewilderment. By degrees it dawns upon him that these effects come about in consequence of the existence of certain forces, or powers, or abilities to do things which may be of the simplest and commonest kind, yet which are essential to our existence every moment. It is in ourselves first that this idea of power originates. Set upright on its edge a sheet of paper resting against a support, and, by means of a piece of string attached, pull it over. Here, says the lecturer, is a power brought into use, a power of the hand carried on through this string in a way which is very remarkable when we come to analyse it. It is by means of conjoint powers, of which there are several here employed, that the paper is pulled over. Again, if I give it a push on the other side I bring into play a power, but a very different exertion of power from the former. I may pull it over once more, without touching it, by presenting to it a stick of shell-lac which I have rubbed with a piece of flannel. It might be blown over by the use of a morsel of gunpowder. In the shell-lac then, and in the gunpowder, there is what is called a power or force, though it would not be true to say that such a power or force was in the string. Not that we are to suppose that there are so very many different powers. On the contrary, it is wonderful to think how few are the powers by which all the phenomena of nature are governed. "Look at the lamp upon the table. There is an illustration of another kind of power. There is heat, a very different power from that of pushing or pulling; and so we find by degrees that there are other powers (not many) in the various bodies around us." Passing on to the conception of matter, the lecturer next spoke of the sort of matter we call water, in the fluid state, in ice, and in vapour issuing from a boiling flask. In each of these three states he showed water to possess the power of weight, that is, gravitation, although the amounts of power in the three states respectively are various. Going on to weigh water against various kinds of matter, as platinum and aluminium, he drew attention to the different amounts of force inherent in various bodies, coming in the end to the common property of gravitation belonging to all matter alike, holding the earth, with its solid framework, its oceans of water, and its envelope of air, together. Some simple experiments with familiar toys, such as the Dutch tumbler, aided by the clever trick which had greatly puzzled him when a boy, how to hang a pail of water by means of a stick upon the side of a table, together with that of balancing a cork upon the point of a stick by simply tipping it with wings, brought to a close this elementary lesson in philosophy, which the lecturer summed up, and sought to stamp upon the memory of his hearers, by writing upon the black-board, under the general heading Force, the word Gravitation.

Each subsequent lecture enabled him to write under this primary power the name of some additional force in nature. Cohesion, chemical affinity, heat, magnetism, and electricity were in succession unfolded, their presence and influence made clear, and their distinctive modes of working demonstrated. The distinction of powers displayed in the gravitation of particles of matter, in their mutual attraction under the power of a magnet, and in the attraction of cohesion, was made manifest by experiments which must have amused or delighted, whilst they edified, the juvenile auditory. An arch of iron filings was built up to illustrate the force of magnetic attraction. Two pieces of lead, scraped bright and cleanly cast and pressed together, were shown to become one by virtue of the cohesion of their particles. Crystals of alum, ground down to destroy their crystallization and thoroughly saturated with hot water, regained their crystalline form as the water cooled and was drained off, whilst a few pieces of clean coke thrown in during the process formed the basis of a beautiful fabric of alum crystals like a natural mineral. A solution of perchloride of mercury being mixed with one of iodide of potassium, a precipitate of biniodide of mercury fell down, which was yellow at the first, but, as the iodide was increased, assumed a pale reddish tint, turning to brilliant scarlet. The resulting red substance, being made to undergo changes in the cohesion of its particles under the application of heat, was seen to change from red to yellow and back again in accordance with these varying conditions. The like change of properties as regards the force of cohesion was explained to constitute the only difference that exists between common charcoal, straw charred in a particular

way, looking like black-lead, and the diamond. The peculiar kind of cohesion shown in crystals, such as rock-salt, calcareous spar, mica, and Iceland spar in particular, was signally brought out under the rays of the electric lamp, this being a branch of experimental science which has a peculiar spell for an audience of beginners. Nor is its fascination one whit less intense for the lecturer himself. Nature is with him ever fresh, ever lovely. As the rhombs of crystalline spar turn round in the vivifying beam, how are the luminous rings brought out flashing and changing, while barred and shaded by the black cross! "Look at those colours—are they not most beautiful for you and for me?—for I enjoy these things as much as you do." We have here, in this natural ebullition of delight, the key to that unexampled charm which Faraday exercised over the minds and hearts of the young. His was no dull didactic laying down of facts or loading the memory with cut and dried formulas and definitions. Nature herself was made to tell her tale in tones of harmony and rays of light, and he, as her mouthpiece and illustrator, caught the sound of her accents, and basked in the light of her beauty. Nor was his delight in the loveliness and the richness of nature unaccompanied by a sense of awe and reverence for the infinity or mystery which invests all truth; a sense which, while it gives earnestness and gravity to the teacher, exercises a strongly attractive effect upon the taught. As the time came for drawing together into one the threads of inquiry which he and his class had been following during the period of each course, it was his wont to strike a chord of more or less solemnity, leaving upon the minds of those from whom he parted somewhat of the same high aspiration with which he himself went on his way in the pursuit of truth. His simple earnestness gave emphasis to his assurance that all honest and observant study of physical laws was certain in the end to be rewarded by the discovery of—

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

In the last lecture of the series Faraday remarked upon the correlation of the various forces of which he had severally treated. Illustrations were given of the way in which chemical affinity could be made to produce electricity, and electricity in turn became chemical affinity. Attention was carried on to the further wonder, made known, as he modestly puts it, within his own time, but in truth by one of his own happiest discoveries, of the power possessed by these two forces to produce magnetism—an affinity long suspected by philosophers, but never demonstrated before. The evidences of this interchangeableness of force, as well as of the power of obtaining heat and light no less than electricity from a magnet, were shown in a succession of experiments leading up to the crowning principle of these lectures, the universal correlation of the physical forces of nature and their mutual convertibility one into the other. To the series is appended an interesting address upon Lighthouse Illumination delivered before the Royal Institution March 9, 1860. No part of his life, Faraday was fond of saying, gave him more delight than his connexion with the Trinity House. The direct application of science to objects the most practical and even sacred, the security of property and the salvation of life, imparted an additional zest to a study which had already, in the pursuit of truth for its own sake, a more than adequate reward. In the face of what science has added to the theory and use of electric illumination during the intervening years, this lecture still deserves to be read as a compact and instructive summary of the origin and the application of the electric light.

THE LATER WITS AND HUMOURISTS.*

WE have to make a confession in regard to this book—namely, that we have not read it through. We must add, however, that it is a book which scarcely asks to be read through. It is assuredly made in great part with scissors and paste, and Mr. Timbs contributes the slightest possible admixture of independent remarks. Possibly we might find fault, if we were so inclined, with the over-lavish use of tolerably accessible materials. When, for example, the article upon Thackeray, of whom Mr. Timbs has not much to tell us, is eked out with passages from *Vanity Fair* and from various papers published in his collected works, we do not feel that we are being quite fairly treated. However, the reader has in his own hands the very simple remedy of skipping; and in a book which is meant to be dipped into rather than read the error is venial. There is one other point upon which some adverse criticism might be made. The great merits of a compiler are accuracy and good arrangement. Now Mr. Timbs repeats stories rather unnecessarily, and he makes occasional errors of carelessness. When, for example, he tells us in the same page that Rogers the poet died in 1855, and that he went to Paris in "1843, four years before his death," we feel that a very little attention to the proof-sheets would have removed an obvious slip of the pen. We have noticed one or two other slips of the same kind, but they are not grave offences; and a good deal may be pardoned to a gentleman who tells us in his preface that he published a book of the same kind fifty years ago. A certain amount of repetition and inaccuracy is a privilege of old age; and, on the whole, we are obliged to Mr. Timbs for a book which, if not a faultless specimen of writing, is full of amusing bits.

* *Anecdote Lives of the Later Wits and Humourists.* By John Timbs, F.S.A. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1874.

The characters whose good sayings and eccentric performances are here collected form a curiously varied party. Amongst statesmen there are Canning and Talleyrand; amongst serious writers there are Coleridge and Whately; amongst novelists, Thackeray and Dickens; amongst politicians, Cobbett and Curran; amongst humourists, Lamb, Douglas Jerrold, Hood, and Barham; and amongst actors, Charles Mathews and Michael Kelly; with a miscellaneous assortment of other celebrities of greater or lesser dignity. To give any general impression of so varied a collection is rather difficult; but a few remarks naturally occur as we turn over the pages. We have often considered the question what party we should like to meet if we were capable of summoning the dead from their graves. Who of all the brilliant talkers that have left a great reputation behind them would really be the most agreeable in conversation? Should we go back to the days of the "Mermaid" and listen to Shakspeare and Ben Jonson's wit-combats; or visit Milton in his blindness; or drop in at a coffee-house to hear Addison and Steele; or dine with Pope at Twickenham to meet Bolingbroke, Swift, and Gay; or spend an evening at Holland House with Macaulay and Sydney Smith, or listen to some of the absurdities of Charles Mathews or Theodore Hook? There is much to be said on behalf of various theories, for conversational reputation is necessarily of the most uncertain character. The fragments which people bring away from dining-rooms or coffee-houses seem strangely to lose their brilliancy when repeated in cold blood. When we are told that such or such a remark threw a whole audience into convulsions of laughter, we are inclined to wonder whether there was some special charm in the speaker, or whether the wine was specially good, or the anecdote cruelly misreported. Few indeed of all the conversational gems that once flashed so brightly are capable of sparkling when once taken out of their setting. The skull of Yorick does not differ more from his living countenance than the bare skeleton of a jest which once set the table in a roar differs from its appearance next morning. It is the difference between the flower in a garden or a meadow and the flower in a botanist's herbarium. Dead, withered, and scentless, we are astonished that anybody could have ever admired it. One cause is obvious in some cases. The pleasure, for example, which we receive from a specially felicitous pun depends in no small degree on its being obviously impromptu. If we had been present when Swift made the celebrated pun upon a lady's mantle knocking down a violin—"Mantua, vae, misere niniuum vicina Cremona"—we should have been startled at the amazing felicity of the application. When we hear it in cold blood, we fancy, and perhaps rightly, that the violin and the mantle were invented to suit the riddle. The inversion of the relations between the scene which suggests the remark and the remark by which it is suggested takes all the point out of the saying. Indeed, there is a dramatic element in all good conversation which cannot possibly be replaced. Mr. Timbs, for example, quotes several of Douglas Jerrold's good things; and it is wonderful to see how little they stand the process. A gentleman, telling of some stupid practical joke, said, "I thought I should have died with laughter." "I wish to heaven you had," replied Jerrold. "All I want," said an orator, trying to interpose in a stormy discussion, "is common sense." "Exactly," Jerrold replied; "that is precisely what you do want"; and the discussion, we are told, was lost in a burst of laughter. Now we can easily imagine, when we come to think about it, that interruptions of this kind may cause amusement at the time by the happy interjection of a little shrewd observation at the critical moment. But when written down in cold blood they leave little behind except an impression of gross rudeness.

Suppose that from all the good sayings which pass current in society, to say nothing of those which are written in books, we were to remove three classes of witticism—those, namely, which savour of profanity, those which are more or less indecent, and those which are sharp personalities—and how much would be left? Of the first two classes we do not find any representatives in Mr. Timbs's book; but it is impossible not to observe how much pain must have been given by these witty persons, though their sayings are now repeated for our enjoyment. Rogers, for example, was spiteful himself and the cause of spite in others. His well-known remark about the fortunate man whom everybody had been praising for his good looks, his wealth, his abilities, and his rank, "Thank God, he has got bad teeth!" was a frank expression of the malice which animates most of his witticisms. When Hook advised Rogers in his turn not to attend Byron's funeral, for fear the undertaker would claim him as a corpse interred six months before, the facetiousness covered a brutal remark upon a personal peculiarity. Talleyrand's sayings are still more offensive. The answer "Already?" to the man who said he was feeling the torments of hell, and the remark to the man who said that his mother had been a beauty, "C'était donc monsieur votre père qui n'était pas si bien?" strike us as owing nearly all their merit to their incivility. The last saying quoted, for example, is not one which could have occurred to nobody else, but simply one which nobody else would have ventured to utter. Talleyrand and Rogers, of course, have a name for cynicism; but we do not find that men of greater good nature are always much more agreeable. An aide-de-camp, we are told, asked Whately, pretty much in his own style, "What is the difference between a Roman Catholic bishop and a jackass?" the answer being, that

"One wears a cross upon his back, and the other upon his breast." "What is the difference," retorted Whately, "between an aide-de-camp and a donkey?" "I don't know," replied the aide-de-camp, interrogatively. "Nor I either," said Whately. After all, there is nothing very funny in calling a man a donkey to his face, and the particular turn given to the remark is one which we suspect to have been hit upon by some hundreds of schoolboys before it occurred to the Archbishop. Lamb was one of the kindest of men, and his humour has the smallest possible infusion of ill-feeling, and yet even Lamb must have sacrificed a friend to a joke pretty often. When he replied to Coleridge's question, "Did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," we may be pretty sure that the remark did not strike Coleridge as altogether pleasant.

Is it quite possible, in short, to be a good Christian and a professed wit? And, if wit passes into cruelty on one side, does it not constantly descend to buffoonery on the other? Mr. Timbs, for example, records a long story of how Charles Mathews once passed himself off for a Spanish Ambassador. He went in a post-chaise to Dartford, and his friends spread the report that he was the Ambassador incognito. Of course people believed and came in crowds to see. He astonished the people at the inn by mixing his food in a manner contrary to all British prejudices, and managed to put it in the fire when their backs were turned. He sailed in a private barge and completely took in the captain—a feat which does not seem very amazing when we are told that a frigate had been prepared to recognize him by signals, and that the officers received him in full uniform, and with due salutations. Why should not the poor captain of the barge be taken in? How was he to know that the officers of a royal ship were all engaged in an elaborate piece of silly buffoonery? The captain of the barge, it is added, was brought to Mathews in the cabin of the ship, and "an indescribable scene of rich burlesque was enacted." After a great deal more of this tomfoolery the party landed at Gravesend and returned to London, "luxuriating upon the hoax." If—we beg pardon for the hypothesis—the Duke of Edinburgh and his suite took the necessary trouble to convince the captain of a penny steamboat that some popular actor of the day was the Emperor of Russia, they would no doubt succeed; but we should find it difficult to enter into the fun of the performance. The party, we are told, never lost their gravity; we wonder rather that they could look each other in the face without blushing.

Alas! these stories of departed fun are about as cheerful as the sight of a dinner-table after the guests have gone, and left nothing but half-empty glasses and cigar-ashes. And yet we do not mean to leave the impression that we should seriously propose that all wit should be suppressed by public opinion. There is even a time, it may be, for that kind of wit which borders most closely upon buffoonery; for, as the wise man tells us, there is a time for everything; but it is rather a ghastly ceremony when we try to revive its dead bones, and invite a later generation to look on and wonder. There are, however, many much better things recorded in Mr. Timbs's pages, and some which make us regret the impossibility of travelling in time as well as in space. And yet we can derive some kind of consolation even from reading the best sayings of departed humourists. A witticism has a kind of immortality independent of its originator. The really good sayings we find have never been first invented by anybody. They are handed down from one generation to another, and are much improved in the process. When, again, we compare actual reports of conversation with the written records of thought, we are struck by the obvious fact that what a man writes is generally much better than what he says. Even the greatest of wits is happier in his study, where he can polish his own good things and introduce them in their due place, than in the random flashes of fun which owe half their merit to their temporary surroundings. We suspect that if all Lamb's talk had been taken down by the most skillful reporter, we should have had nothing half as good as the *Essays of Elia*; and that the best part of Sydney Smith was not that which coruscated during an evening at Holland House, but that which was deliberately committed to paper, and may be read by all men.

COX'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

(Second Notice.)

BEYOND all doubt Niebuhr was justified in an expression which may be taken as the keynote of Mr. Cox's view of the work of Herodotus, that it has an epic rather than an historical character. But Mr. Cox has shown with unprecedented force how the epical unity of Herodotus's History is the offspring of a religious conception of the course of human affairs, which is never at a loss for illustrations of the operation of the principles it involves. This leads him to an unconscious selection of causes of a peculiar kind for every description of results, and obscures the real relations between causes and results which it is the business of the historian properly so called—the scientific historian, if the expression be preferred—to explain. So far it is impossible not to go along with Mr. Cox; but it will be observed that in individual instances he goes much further, and represents Herodotus not only as open—which he no doubt was—to the charm of supernatural causation, but as blind to the necessity of distinguishing between actual invention and fact. On these points we may momentarily

* *A History of Greece.* By G. W. Cox, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1874.

reserve our comments; meanwhile it will be conceded to Mr. Cox that Herodotus is almost as far removed in the spirit of his narrative from Thucydides as he is from modern historians. This extraordinary phenomenon in literary history is incontestable; but Mr. Cox has not as yet found an opportunity of accounting for it by a connected exposition of the causes which explain so signal a difference, and which, as he rightly recognizes, are by no means to be sought only or mainly in the difference between the personal idiosyncrasies of the two men. Such an inquiry seems especially called for in a History which, like the present, attaches so paramount an importance to the criticism of its authorities. What, for instance, explains the relative significance attached to the responses of the Oracles in the one and in the other period? Mr. Cox has some acute remarks on the various kinds of oracular responses distinguishable among the Greeks, though he has probably over-estimated the proportion of those made after the event; but he has not as yet given a satisfactory account of the gradual diminution of the influence exercised by the Oracles in general. The amenability of the Delphic authorities to external influences has perhaps been unconsciously exaggerated by previous writers, and a more definite inquiry into the subject is certainly not uncalled for. Pausanias was only acquainted with a single instance (that of Cleomenes) of the Pythia having been bribed. But this certainly does not exclude the extremely probable supposition, which accords with the actual tendency of many of the responses, that the opinion of the priests on questions of the day was of much importance in determining the inspirations of the Pythia, just as the views of ministers of religion are at all times likely to become those of the women, especially of the women of an "exalted" mind, with whom they are brought into constant personal contact.

But, as we have said, the general estimate of the standpoint of Herodotus given in this History seems to us just, though we are far from agreeing with every point in the elaboration of it. Thus, to start with, there is, to say the least, some ambiguity in the remark that Herodotus's "convictions of the great blessings of freedom (v. 78) could have been formed only from historical testimony, and not from any personal remembrance of the previous fortunes of his country." It seems to us that no one could have had better personal reason for contrasting the results of *"ιστορίαν"* with those of Tyrannical rule, and for understanding the "injustice and misery which attend on the supremacy of foreign tyrants," or at least of Tyrants dependent on foreign support, than the historian who had with his kinsman been expatriated *"ἀπὸ Λαγδαίου τὸν ἀπὸ Ἀργιμείας τρίτον πόρνον γενόμενον Ἀλικαρνασσὺ."* And, as already remarked, while we allow that in Herodotus the influence of religious ways of thought impaired the power of discerning the true co-operation of historical causes, it does not follow that his judgment of what is a fact was completely destroyed by the influence in question. It is not easy to recognize in Herodotus's account of the conversation between Demaratus and Xerxes a pure ethical fiction, or to understand how Thersander (for Mr. Cox necessarily shifts the responsibility on him) should have remembered the story of the Persian at the feast of Attagnus with so circumstantial an inaccuracy. But these are comparatively trifles. The scepticism of Mr. Cox as to Herodotus's narrative of the Scythian expedition of Darius seems to us wholly unwarranted. Herodotus may have misrepresented Darius's motive and embellished the history of the retreat. The invention of the whole expedition, a theory which Mr. Cox (vol. i. p. 382) rather hints than ventures to express, is out of the question in the case of an event separated by not more than a generation from the date of the historian's birth. Were we to allow ourselves to fall into Mr. Cox's way of historical parallels, we might at least aver of the Scythian expedition of Darius, as compared with the Russian expedition of Napoleon, that the former was acquainted with the regions which he set out to subdue at least as well as the latter, and that he had at least as trustworthy allies. The doubts thrown on the Herodotean account of the armada of Xerxes, on the other hand, are thoroughly legitimate; though it would require more than the authority of Juvenal and of some modern archaeologists to make us doubt the fact of the cutting of the canal through Athos (vol. i. p. 463; and cf. *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, vol. i. p. 93), which even Sir G. C. Lewis accepts. The cavils against the historian's representation of the nature of the struggle at Thermopylae go beyond the mark, as they amount to the suggestion of a deliberate falsification in order to gratify the national pride. Nor can we see any contradiction between Leonidas's representing retreat before the enemy as an impossibility for a Spartan leader, and the statement that Cleombrotus withdrew from the Isthmus because of the occurrence of an eclipse of the sun. But scepticism is a tendency which requires on occasion to be kept in bounds as much as its opposite, credulity; and it is really irritating to find doubts thrown on the accuracy of the anecdote concerning the arrival of Alexander in the Athenian camp before Platea, and of his revealing himself with the words, "I am Alexandros the Macedonian," because "Aristeides at least would not have needed the announcement of his name," and because "his warning, though kindly, was not indispensable."

Two passages may in conclusion be noticed as certainly open to graver difficulties. The attack on Delphi, however, seems to us to be not disproved by the assertion of Mardonius before Platea—i.e. a year after the attack is supposed to have taken place—that the Persians had no intention of going against Delphi and plundering the Temple. The want of success in the case of the raid of which the attendant circumstances were doubtless falsified by superstition must have induced Mardonius to use some diplomatic phrase

of disavowal, not perhaps very accurately reproduced by Herodotus. Otherwise he could hardly have left standing in a passage of his Ninth Book so glaring an apparent contradiction of a passage in his Eighth. In the speech made by the Athenian ambassadors at Sparta shortly after the murder of Lycides and his family at Athens, the Peloponnesians are informed that the Athenians, "unless they receive immediate aid, must devise some means of escape from their present troubles." Of course these words imply a desire on the part of the Athenians to exercise all possible pressure on the Spartans; but with what justice can the speech subsequently delivered by the Athenian, Megarean, and Platæan envoys be described as "wretched bathos" after previous "lofty protestations"? Calmly read, the speech expresses a firm determination on the part of the Athenians to do their duty, coupled of course with a desire to make the Peloponnesians do theirs. Yet, because of the absence of an impassioned strain from this speech, Mr. Cox regards it as irreconcilable with so fanatical an act as the massacre of Lycides and his family, and is glad accordingly to reject the latter as "befitting the character only of Andaman savages." Nor has he, it may be incidentally remarked, shown any grounds for his assumption that the story of Lycides related by Herodotus is identical with that of Cysyllus appealed to by Demosthenes, instead of the two being distinct, though similar, events.

In the examination of the history of the period discussed in Mr. Cox's second volume, the inquirer has, as he observes, to contend against a wholly new kind of fiction—that which is the result of personal or political jealousy, and of consequent intentional misrepresentation. The historian of Greece in the period of her most desperate party conflicts must undoubtedly be especially on his guard against misstatements of this description, though he will undoubtedly err unless, like Mr. Cox, he puts a general trust in the respect for facts exhibited by Thucydides. We regret the less to be able to follow more minutely Mr. Cox's comments on the Thucydidean narrative of the Peloponnesian war, inasmuch as they are generally kept within the bounds of legitimate comment. The conjecture (vol. ii. p. 266) that Cleon was sent out to Thrace, as he had been to Pylus, by the machinations of Nicias and his partisans, seems however wholly unwarranted by evidence. The treatment to which Alcibiades is subjected cannot, to say the least, be regarded as free from exaggeration. He "presents an image of violent selfishness and ingrained treachery, standing very near the pinnacle of human wickedness." Allowing, in respect to his earlier doings, every epithet which Mr. Cox lavishes upon them, which is allowing a great deal (see e.g. p. 291), it is to be remarked, first, that the conduct of Alcibiades after his election as general, and after his second dismissal, is free from any suspicion of treachery, and is not to be accounted for except on the hypothesis of real patriotic feeling. Secondly, that whatever may be thought of the causes of the defeat at Notium—the expressions that Alcibiades had at this time "given up" himself to his pleasures, and "handed over" the fleet to an "incompetent reveller," are scarcely fair. According to Mr. Grote, Alcibiades "abandoned himself partly to the love of pleasure, partly to reckless predatory enterprises for the purpose of getting money to pay his army," which is a different thing. Nor can he be said to have "handed over" his fleet to Antiochus, when he merely left him in command, as Mr. Cox of course states, "with a strict charge to avoid all engagements with the enemy" till his own return. Thirdly, Mr. Cox hardly furnishes any satisfactory proof of the statement that "the revived ascendancy of Alcibiades came suddenly to an end, because his character was infamous." It would open too wide a question were we also to dwell on the position, briefly developed in an Appendix to Vol. II., that African conquest, as a motive for the Sicilian expedition, was, so far as our evidence goes, merely the "distempered dream" and "heated talk" of "Alcibiades and his fraternity." For our part, we confess to a belief in the old reading *ἐς Καρχηδόνα* in two Aristophanic passages in point. But, confining ourselves to the former statements, we must express our opinion that, were Mr. Cox's narrative generally written after so little temperate a fashion, its value would chiefly lie in the warning example which such assumptions furnish of the difficulty that even modern historians find in discussing Greek history except from a party view. Such blemishes, however, are happily not characteristic of the general tone of the book, any more than the exaggerated enthusiasm called forth by an anecdote about Callistratus, whom, as contrasted with Lysander, Mr. Cox compares to the Archangel Michael in the presence of Mammon. While it would be unworthy not to acknowledge the nobility of the sentiment ascribed to Callistratus by Xenophon, we are bound to express our hesitation in accepting, contrary to the cautious hesitation of Bishop Thirlwall, Mr. Grote's free rendering of the words *καὶ τοὺς Μηθυμναίους* as "the Methymnean and Athenian prisoners." The soundness of Xenophon's text may, as Mr. Cox says, be doubtful, and the statement that the Athenian garrison was sold may be spurious; and Mr. Cox's own acceptance of Mr. Grote's view may be an adoption of the "more likely" hypothesis. But while we remain in such uncertainty as to the nature of the act which Callistratus performed—while we do not know whether it was the fulfilment of a solemn declaration or the partial stultification of a fine sentiment—we should prefer to hesitate before declaring it to be one by which its author "won a place in that company of merciful men whose righteousness shall not be forgotten."

Points of detail like these, however, will always suggest differences of opinion, and we can only repeat our acknowledgment of the

general candour and fairness of Mr. Cox's statement and examination of matters likely to be disputed. To his main view of the causes of the Peloponnesian war he adheres with clear consistency. "The idea of the Athenian empire was one which could not be realized without reversing the most cherished principles of the ancient Hellenic and Aryan civilization; and for this change the Hellenic tribes assuredly were not prepared." The treatment, however, which in the establishment of her empire Athens adopted towards the members of her confederacy was, as Mr. Cox's asserts, one which gave them no substantial grievance "apart from the passion for interpolitical independence." Indeed in a burst of patriotic pride, unfortunately too vague to convey much comfort, he observes, towards the close of the second volume, that "in her relations with her allies Athens exhibited a dignity and a justice which, if they have marked the dealings of any other people, have marked those only of England." Apart from lesser and later charges, the accusations brought against Athens with reference to the period before the Peloponnesian war resolve themselves into three kinds. Her forcible reduction of revolters is to be regarded as an inevitable necessity. Her interference with the constitutional life of her allies is less easily justifiable. It is doubtless true that "Athens did not maintain democracies where the general opinion of a city went in another direction"; and on the assumption that it was the duty of all oligarchical governments to accept at once a democratical reform of their institutions, Athens was in this respect only hastening a series of legitimate developments. Of the benefits accruing to the allies from the transfer of more important judicial cases to Athens, on the other hand, Mr. Cox takes a hardly tenable view. "The Athenian," he says, "provided a court to which all the allies might, under either of these circumstances" (namely, disputes between different cities or between the allies and the dominant State) "betake themselves, and admitted them by so doing to all his own judicial privileges. If he might, as an officer of the confederacy or as a private settler, summon a citizen of Chios or Byzantium before the Athenian Heliæa, these in their turn had the same remedy against him; and thus he might say with justice that the downfall of the Athenian empire would soon convince the world not of the cruelty, but of the moderation with which they had exercised their imperial authority." And then Mr. Cox goes on to say that before the Peloponnesian war "the subject allies of Athens might find in the Athenian law courts a protection at least equal to that which the Parliament of England afforded to the natives of India in the days of Warren Hastings." It will, however, be hardly maintained that the natives of India were admitted to "all the judicial privileges" of Englishmen, among which that of sitting on juries, as well as of coming before tribunals, is usually reckoned. The transfer, though justifiable as an inevitable measure of policy, cannot possibly be reconciled with the character of the original compact. The truth seems to be that the working of the constitution of the Delian Confederacy in the spirit in which it had been concluded was in itself an impossibility, that its basis was a delusive Federal relation, and that the imperial tendencies of Athens had to be pursued after a fashion which most surely tends to mutual distrust and its consequences, under the only too transparent covering of a Federal union. It may be that Pericles himself distrusted the durability of so false a relation when he contemplated an Hellenic union on a broader basis. Mr. Cox refers only in a note to this scheme, as to the date of which opinions differ.

In future volumes of this History we shall look for much which its author may, according to a plan necessarily as yet only in part unfolded, have judiciously reserved for them. His narrative of the Peloponnesian war, extending to a perhaps unnecessary length, has left him no space for more than incidental notice of those extraordinary, but not inexplicable, changes in the progress of Athenian life which it is the duty of the historian to examine, and, if possible, explain. It is here that the narrative must diversify its course with the aid of the whole wealth of Attic literature. We thoroughly agree with Mr. Cox as to the inexpediency of accepting the poets—the comic poets in particular—as historical authorities, whether on a Pericles or a Cleophon; but in any case their works, as remains of the age to which they belong, possess, like the works of plastic art, an inestimable value for the historian. We trust that Mr. Cox too will succeed in adding to the vividness with which the labours of previous historians have enabled us to realize something of the many-sidedness of Greek life in the "school of Hellas," the city for whose history he has so warm a sympathy. In his second volume he has been rather oppressed by a desire to do justice to the details of the noblest historical narrative the world possesses, while exercising his own right of critical inquiry into passages suggesting difficulties or justifying doubts. The freedom with which he criticizes the narrative of Herodotus he has not surrendered in commenting on that of Thucydides; but he has found few opportunities in the latter instance for exhibiting any power of fresh combination or reconstruction. But the publication of his History is justified by much to which we have been unable to advert, as well as by some features to which we have sought to direct attention; and, as he adds freedom of movement and width of range to the keenness of judgment and candour of comment of which he has given abundant evidence, his book will vindicate for itself a place of permanent usefulness. As a proof of the vigorous vitality of English scholarship, it has claims on the ready recognition which it will doubtless receive.

THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.*

MANY families of the upper middle class in England have a confessed subject of anxiety in the son who fails to pass his examination. A good-natured youth of twenty, with his share of bodily activity and general intelligence, decidedly averse to books, and cheerfully throwing away every chance of academical or professional distinction—what is to be done with him? He may take the few hundreds it would have cost to finish his education, and see what he can do in the colonial new worlds, either of the Far West or farther South. Here is the first type of the gentleman emigrant. The second is perhaps a married man approaching middle age, whose independent income was but just enough to support his position as a bachelor in good society. He finds that the yearly interest of his few thousands is likely to fall short of the increasing family expenses. For himself and his wife he might rely upon the gradual practice of small household economies, and a voluntary abatement of their social pretensions. But the future settlement of their children in this country ten or fifteen years hence is a problem of great apparent difficulty to their anxious foresight. With a view, therefore, to what may hereafter prove the best for his growing boys and girls, this example of the second class of gentlemen emigrants is about to seek a new home beyond seas. It is for the instruction of both classes—the first called Cœlebs, the second Benedict—that Mr. Stamer has written a lively book of description, anecdote, and comment.

It is assumed, in his practical advice, that the gentlemen emigrants have a liking for agricultural, or pastoral, or some kind of rural industry. The man who has neither connexion and capital for mercantile business, nor the skill of a common handicraft, must not think of town life in the colonies unless he be a doctor, or perhaps a land-surveyor. Farming, stock-raising, and sheep-breeding, in a rough unscientific fashion, may come to be paying occupations after two or three years of blundering, before "Mr. Newchum" has spent all his money. Almost every Englishman, even the cockney shopkeeper or the bookish recluse who does not know one cereal crop from another in the field, cherishes in secret a fond conceit that he could manage a farm successfully, if he were owner of the freehold with the necessary plant and stock. The result of such experiments in England has been witnessed by the acquaintance of many an elderly retired draper or stockbroker after his release from the counter or the desk. It is usually a persistent yearly loss, of no ruinous amount, which is readily borne as the price of a healthy and interesting pastime. But in a new country, where the novice or sciolist in agriculture has less opportunity of spending large sums in complex drainage schemes or the purchase of artificial manures, a town-bred man of robust bodily health may hope to get a living, and in time a profit, out of his cheaply bought land. The pastoral enterprise of Australia is more hazardous to inexperienced men of moderate capital; they are rather advised to eschew it altogether. It is not the squatter or lessee of a vast sheep-run, speculating on the huge produce of wool from myriads of fleecy backs, that Mr. Stamer has in view. He treats rather of the situation of the farmer in distant lands. The settler or fixed colonist, who grows corn or meat which he is sometimes unable to convert into money, seems nevertheless to be secured against the total wreck of his fortunes, as well as against risk of starvation. The question is, whether a gentleman emigrant will find it worth his while to go through the hardening ordeal of such a life, faring and drudging like a peasant, as he ought to do in the first few years, for the sake of a bare plain living, and an estate which may slowly rise in value?

This last clause touches a subject upon which one might have wished for more information than Mr. Stamer has given us. If it be for the future advantage of his children that the gentleman emigrant is willing to renounce his old home and habits, he would like to reckon the probabilities bearing on his hope of an indefinite addition, by the development of colonial prosperity, to the worth of the individual settler's investment in buying, clearing, and fencing his land, and in the buildings upon it. But Mr. Stamer is too cautious to deal in prospective estimates of the flourishing condition likely to be attained by those newly settled countries in which English families are only now beginning to feel at home. In exercising this reserve, we think he has set a good example, more especially with regard to Australia. The climate of Australia, and its effects upon the European race of mankind, and upon cattle and vegetable products, must be observed through a larger cycle of years than hitherto, before we can predict its rate of increase either in wealth or population. In the case, again, of the Canadian Dominion, with the Federal Republic on its long frontier, there are political contingencies which might possibly affect the position of its landed proprietors. Those of Virginia, the "Old Dominion," are now most eager to sell out at prices absurdly lower than the prices of similar estates in adjacent Maryland or Pennsylvania. The probable amount of "unearned increment" which accrues to an estate from the general advance of social and economic welfare in the community around is known in England to be a very substantial consideration. In a well-to-do colony, we may suppose, its reality is equally undeniable, while it bears a more obvious visible proportion to the actual outlay in bringing the land under cultivation, and providing agricultural appliances. But the elements of the problem so far as regards the future steady progress of the commonwealth are still uncertain while the historical experiences of the colony are limited within the range of a single generation or two.

* *The Gentleman Emigrant; his Daily Life, Sports, and Pastimes in Canada, Australia, and the United States.* By W. Stamer. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

It is rather the immediate personal experiences of the gentleman colonist, and the daily habits of his domestic life under new circumstances, that form the topic of discussion in these two volumes. The author, who has five times visited British America, upon several occasions also the principal States of the Union, from the Atlantic shore to Ohio, but not those of the South and Far West, compares their local advantages and drawbacks. He finds, in all that he knows of the vast North American continent, only two districts, each of limited extent, which he can personally recommend to the English gentleman emigrant with from 3,000*l.* to 5,000*l.* capital for agricultural investments. The first is that peninsula of Upper Canada which lies between the three Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, south of the 44th degree of latitude. Here the reader is invited to accompany Mr. Stamer in a few weeks' sojourn at the comfortable abode of his friend Benedict, cheered, of course, by the presence of Mrs. Benedict, upon a ready-made farm near Toronto, purchased for 2,500*l.* The domestic and commercial economy of such an establishment, managed with intelligence and industry, and supported by 2,500*l.* more for working expenses, demand the visitor's complacent approval. The gentleman farmer seems to be in a fair way of doing very well; but the lady who plays the farmer's wife has found two bitter grievances in the colony. We fear that merely to name these will set many an English middle-class matron against every proposal of an American rustic home. They are, in two words, neighbours and servants. The coarse familiarity of "those Heffernans" can only be repelled at the cost of provoking their malicious enmity. The tyranny of the "help," as a peculiar American domestic institution is styled with the severest irony, is a persistent reign of terror over the nominal master and mistress of the house. This formidable oppressor, who invades their private repose in the guise of a female hireling for needful services, may be either a haughty native American woman or an imported Irish Biddy. Whether the scold or the slut be the more unpleasant is a point which Mrs. Benedict has not yet decided. It was in vain for Mr. Stamer to offer this good lady, when she poured out her griefs with her tea at the breakfast-table, such random consolations as might occur to the masculine ignorance of a rambling bachelor and sportsman. If he had himself been a Benedict, he would have known better than to talk to her in a reasonable way. He might then have spared the endeavour to persuade her, by any amount of argument or example, that the social evils of a Canadian residence could be either remedied or endured.

The same disadvantage, to families accustomed to the English standard of refinement in manners and decorous reserve of private life, will of course be found to exist on the opposite shore of Lake Ontario, in the northern districts of New York State. The scenery here is highly picturesque, the soil is fertile, and there are good roads and markets. If one does not mind living in a great Republic and disowning allegiance to the British Crown, the pleasures of an independent rural life may be enjoyed in this State, or in that of Pennsylvania. But the price of land is higher than in Canada. A poor gentleman, one whose fortune is less than 5,000*l.*, cannot do much good for himself as an agriculturist in any of the Eastern or the Middle States of the Union, except in Virginia, where he has just now an opportunity of doing very well. Since the late Civil War, it appears, the impoverished and disgusted planters have been seeking to dispose of eligible farms, with good buildings, in convenient situations for railway, road, or river carriage to the markets, at six or seven pounds sterling an acre. It is true that in some instances, where the soil has been exhausted by tobacco crops in the wasteful times of slaveholding management, the purchaser of such an estate may have to expend something more upon it. Yet his undertaking seems likely to prove less onerous than in the forests of Canada. The climate of Virginia, too, is mild and genial, and is, in the section lying between Richmond and the Blue Mountains, not unhealthy or debilitating. To many Englishmen, moreover, of the gentleman emigrant class it will be an inviting consideration that the Virginian rural proprietors are like our country squires, or wish at least to be thought like them, while they cherish a saving repugnance to the Yankees and the New Yorkers. Whatever may be the real merits of native society in one or another section, the preconceived notions of the newcomer from Great Britain, unless he be a zealot for abstract political democracy, will perhaps be most likely to meet a satisfactory response in Virginia. He will be less exposed to insulting sarcasms and invectives directed against the country of his birth than in the New England States or in New York, and he will have few Irish among his neighbours. The problem of obtaining household service with tolerable subordination and cheerfulness may be solved in Virginia, we are told, by hiring an elderly negress, as the least objectionable of American "helps." It is for Mr. and Mrs. Benedict to weigh these considerations on each side, and to fix their choice upon Canada West or "Old" Virginia, which may best suit their taste. The long and stern Canadian winter, though undoubtedly salubrious, may deter persons of middle age whose constitutions have grown soft in the temperate seasons of our insular clime. Agricultural labours in Canada are suspended during several months, from the middle of November to the beginning of April. It may be suspected that the enforced idleness of this "slack time," relieved only by the pastimes of sleighing and skating, when the fishing and shooting of autumn are past, has its effect in those neighbourly scandals and dissensions of which the Benedicts complain.

An English gentleman emigrant who possesses a small income, (say) two or three hundred a year, independent of the proceeds of

his 3,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* sunk in the farm, may amuse himself in these parts of North America, if he be an ardent sportsman, at very small cost. Instead of renting a Scottish moor, a privilege of partridge and pheasant shooting, or the fishing of a trout stream or salmon river, he is free to roam the woods and try his skill at the finest game of the wilderness, "fin, fur, or feather." These pursuits have evidently taken up much of Mr. Stamer's attention in his repeated leisurely visits to the British American provinces and to his favourite States of the Federal Union. But we should think that the gentleman emigrant who depends for the subsistence of himself and his family upon his moderate agricultural investment will do wisely to eschew all such too tempting opportunities of "gunning." A careful and thriving farmer in England is commonly too busy, with his land, his crops, and his stock, between his market-days, for the reputed aristocratic diversions of the field. He may carry his gun for a chance rabbit in an evening hour's stroll across his own meadows, and with that he is content. In a country where he must work both with head and hands, acting not merely as hind, but as the foremost field-labourer in his own service, clearing, fencing, delving or ploughing, sowing, hoeing, and reaping, the beasts of chase and fowls of the air would concern him very little. It is otherwise, for a time at least, with Mr. Cœlebs, the young gentleman of our first-mentioned emigrant class, who has received, like an innocent Prodigal Son, his paternal inheritance or gift of 1,200*l.*, and is off to live in America as he can and will, "not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books." He is discovered by Mr. Stamer in the forest of Nova Scotia, separated from town or village by roads that are impassable in bad weather through swamps and "windfalls" of the trees encumbering the way. For the trifling sum of 50*l.* he has bought 400 acres, a beautiful piece of woodland and riverside scenery, where he dwells like a Robinson Crusoe, in a shanty or log hut which he means to exchange for a commodious frame house now being built. His servants are an elderly Scotch couple, a male and a female *factotum*, in the adjoining shanty, with the occasional hiring of a woodcutter or a teamster. As he does not intend to clear his estate, but to rear bullocks and pigs, availing himself of the natural grass and acorns, and to produce beef, pork, and butter for sale to the hungry and well-paid lumberers of Nova Scotia, his small capital is quite enough for a good start. The boiling of sugar from the juice of his tapped maple-trees is another safe branch of rural industry, which Mr. Stamer pleasantly describes. Our author speaks favourably of the sporting resources of the Acadian backwoods, and is delighted with their picturesque beauty, the effects of which are so admirably varied in different seasons of the year. The native colonial population, outside of the educated class in towns, are rather less to his mind than those of Canada; and of the Micmac Indians, a remnant of the fabulous once noble savage, he gives a contemptuous report. To read *Evangeline* nowadays, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, is to indulge in a romantic dream.

Upon the whole, if we may trust, as we are inclined to do, in the candour and judgment of this writer, and in the correctness of his information so far as it goes, we believe that in the colonies a single man of robust and active habits, with even less than 1,000*l.*, can make for himself alone, or in partnership with another man, a comfortable home and livelihood. He will not forfeit his character of gentleman or compromise the principles of good English breeding in this manly and honest endeavour, though he must toil day by day harder than any of our Warwickshire and Cambridgeshire farm-labourers have ever done for the wages they now refuse. Cœlebs in a few years will have won a secure and honourable independence, which he may then share with a wife of his own social rank from home. Whether it be in Canada, in New Zealand, or in Tasmania that he has chosen to make his rustic abode, his chances of prosperity are, we are disposed to think, nearly equal. In New Zealand there is no sporting, but there is an agreeable climate; in Tasmania the lover of natural history and scenery will find much to interest him. We have reason to think that the tone of colonial society in both those distant colonies is better than in some British American provinces. This may be a hint for Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, without meaning to admit the lady's disparagement of her residence in the best part of Canada, not a hundred miles from Toronto. Provided that Benedict has a few thousand pounds, and an ordinary capacity for business, we feel no doubt that he may become a successful colonial farmer, if he is not too fond of the gun, and if his wife can rise promptly from the sofa to attend to her dairy and poultry. But we cannot promise that they will like their neighbours in America, on whichever side the fault may be, if they carry out with them to the new country their old ideas and habits of English private life. There is truth in the seeming paradox that an English family going to the Antipodes may find itself nearer home in this respect than by merely crossing the Atlantic. The remark, however, does not by any means apply, without large reservations, to Australia—that is to say, the continental provinces, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland. These colonies, and the position of the gentleman emigrant there, are discussed by Mr. Stamer in a part of his second volume. It is not long since we had occasion to examine their industrial opportunities in a review of Mr. Ranken's instructive book on the Dominion of Australia. The testimony of Mr. Stamer, who has visited Australia, is in accordance with that of many impartial and disinterested observers, and with that of many disappointed emigrants who have returned, poorer and wiser men, from a land of fallacious promise. Australia, in its present condition, is a lucrative field of investment

for large capitalists, and of employment for the rudest kinds of labour, at wages so high that the labourer may soon become his own master. But it is no country for the modest enterprise of an unskilled man with a small capital.

WILKES, SHERIDAN, AND FOX.*

BIOGRAPHY is perhaps one of the pleasantest forms in which history can be taken. There is an old controversy as to whether the great man shapes the age or the age the man, but there can be no doubt that in any case personal character goes for a good deal in its influence on the course of events. This element, however, is in some danger of being lost in the broad outlines of history, which thus become not only dull but defective. Biography is at its best when it is written so as to combine the historical aspects of an individual life with the animation of personal detail. Mr. John Morley's *Edmund Burke* is an admirable example of a study of this kind in its best style, and Mr. Rae's amusing sketches of Wilkes, Sheridan, and Fox may be regarded as a lighter work of the same school. These sketches are not biographies in the old contracted sense. The principal figures are shown in all their social and political surroundings, and each represents a period as well as a personal career. Mr. Rae has had the opportunity of working a rich mine of anecdote and incident, and has applied himself industriously to its excavation. The result is a very entertaining as well as instructive volume, which will probably be found more readable than most novels of the day. Mr. Rae's choice of subjects is perhaps in some degree accidental, and he would have done well to omit his second title. Wilkes, Sheridan, and Fox were certainly conspicuous opponents of the favourite Ministers of George III., but they cannot be accepted as an adequate embodiment of the whole Opposition of those days. It is indeed an abuse of the word Opposition, in the semi-official and constitutional meaning which it has acquired, to employ it in connexion with a loose and irresponsible demagogue like Wilkes. An account of the Opposition under George III. in which Wilkes and Sheridan appear at full length, and in which Fox is the only other figure, would be a ludicrous mistake if the title were intended seriously. The explanation probably is that Mr. Rae thought that these three men would furnish interesting subjects for his pen, and afterwards looked about for a general phrase that would bring them together in a group.

The character of Wilkes is one that has been needlessly vilified and absurdly exalted. He appears in reality to have been on the whole an extremely commonplace person, without remarkable qualities of any kind save impudence. He was dissolute and extravagant, but probably not more so than the ordinary fast man of his day. He was witty, but his wit will scarcely bear examination. He was a poor speaker, and his writings, though better than his speeches, display little merit in respect either of thought or style. His connexion with great political questions was purely accidental. He was, as it were, only the wick of the lamp, and any worthless substance will do for wick. It was the popular discontent which fed the flame, and the blundering of the Government which lighted it. Wilkes's distinguishing quality was his impudence, which was extraordinary, not merely in its affrontery, but in its plausibility. He was a man who, by taking pains, could make himself agreeable in almost any society. He was a shameless rake, but Hannah More thought him "very entertaining" in conversation. He was, as his contemporaries well understood, an unprincipled demagogue; yet Lord Mansfield pronounced him "the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he knew." He even charmed away the robust prejudices of Dr. Johnson, who declared that "Jack was a scholar, Jack was a gentleman." It is doubtful whether he was either much of a scholar or, taking the word in the common conventional sense, a gentleman. But he knew the weak points of those whom he wished to conciliate, and was adroit and servile in flattering them. When Hannah More said he was very entertaining in conversation, it was probably because he listened so respectfully to herself; and Mansfield was probably impressed in a similar manner. How Dr. Johnson was got at we know from Boswell. Wilkes placed himself next the Doctor, and was very assiduous in his attentions. "Pray give me leave, sir. It is better here; a little of the brown. Some fat, sir. A little stuffing. Some gravy. Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter. Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon perhaps may have more zest." "Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, and from surly virtue he was gradually coaxed into complacency. Wilkes plied Johnson with talk in the same spirit, falling in with his sarcasms on the Scotch, and always taking his side and playing jackal to his talk. In spite of his hideous countenance he was a favourite with women, and used to boast that he was only "ten minutes behind the handsomest man in the country." The explanation is that he was a dexterous and untiring courtier. There was also a certain fascination in the badness of his character as well as in the ugliness of his countenance. As the first prejudice wore off, it enhanced by contrast the feeling which took its place. Mr. Rae pays an equivocal compliment to Mr. Bright in likening him to Wilkes, and he also overrates Wilkes's position in calling him "the leader of a strong party and the most useful man in the kingdom." Lord Russell has gone to the other extreme in depict-

ing Wilkes as a revolutionist, "who always meant license when he cried liberty." Nothing can be clearer than that, while Wilkes was utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which he acquired popularity, his tastes and instincts were by no means those of a revolutionist. He had the greatest contempt for the mob, and used it merely as a bogie for his own purposes. He was extremely anxious to make a position in society, and he thought he could most readily make a position by becoming notorious. Of political designs no agitator was probably ever more innocent. Nothing can be more obviously hollow than the sickening cant about liberty with which he larded every sentence he uttered in public, while he sneered in private alike at liberty and the people.

No reasonable person, looking back upon the matter, can doubt that the prosecution of Wilkes for the publication of No. 45 of the *North Briton*, and especially the manner in which the prosecution was conducted, was a deplorable mistake. The Government played into the hands of the demagogue, and did its best to invest him with the notoriety which he coveted. It was, in fact, as Burke said, "a tragi-comedy acted by His Majesty's servants, at the desire of several persons of quality, and at the expense of the Constitution." Wilkes asserted that the impugned article merely conveyed the substance of remarks which had fallen from Lord Temple and Pitt; and the passages which the Attorney-General selected as the worst he could find, though they are coarse and violent, certainly do not strike one as seditious:—

The King's speech [said the writer] has always been considered by the Legislature and by the public at large as the speech of the Minister. . . . This week has given the public the most abandoned instance of Ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed on mankind. I am in doubt whether the imposition is greater on the sovereign or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so very great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious rumours, and to the most unjustifiable public declarations, from a throne ever renowned for truth, honour, and unsullied virtue.

Lord Chatham had used much more violent language to the same effect in the House of Lords.

The proceedings which were taken by General Warrant against Wilkes and the printers of his paper were clearly illegal, although General Warrants are known to have been resorted to in other cases; and his condemnation for having published an obscene travesty on Pope's *Essay on Man*, called an *Essay on Woman*, was equally irregular. Wilkes did not publish the work. It was secretly printed at his private press, and a copy was stolen for the purposes of the prosecution. Nor was any proof given that Wilkes was the author of it. Indeed there is reason to believe that it was written by Potter, the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was not unnatural that the mob should assume that Wilkes was the victim of a political and aristocratic conspiracy, and should make him its hero. More sober and thoughtful men were grieved to see the powers of the Government strained to its own danger and discredit, and sided with Wilkes, as Chatham did, "merely and indifferently as an English subject possessed of certain rights which the laws had given him, and which the laws alone could take from him." Mr. Rae has been at some pains to put together an authentic narrative, based on official papers, of the various proceedings against Wilkes in Parliament and in the courts of law. In his estimate of the general political situation Mr. Rae commits a grave mistake in depicting George III. as the evil genius of the nation, which, it is assumed, would, if left to itself, have always gone right, instead of always going wrong as it did under his fatal authority. There can be no doubt that the King was anxious to establish his supremacy over his Ministers, but in any case the rivalries and quarrels of public men would necessarily have thrown a great deal of power into his hands. As it was, the power came to him almost without his seeking it. And as regards his personal opinions on most subjects of the day, they were also the opinions, not only of a majority of the House of Commons, but of the great body of the people.

The biographical sketch of Sheridan is as interesting as that of Wilkes, but here again it is difficult to understand how we can be asked to accept Sheridan as a serious statesman. Mr. Rae admits that Sheridan wrote and spoke, as he lived, with a persistent view to effect. "His whole life abounded in surprises; he was perpetually occupied in preparing literary fireworks and letting them off." Yet in another passage he declares that "take him for all in all, as wit and orator, dramatist and politician, Sheridan was at once a luminary and leader of his age," and "one of the immortals ruling our spirits from their urns." There can be no doubt that Sheridan was a brilliant and successful dramatist, but the *School for Scandal*, though its vitality has been fully attested, is scarcely the work of an immortal, and, except for his plays and his red nose in Gillray's caricatures, Sheridan would by this time be forgotten. His speech at the trial of Warren Hastings was unquestionably a very dashing and impressive performance at the moment, but it was the performance of an actor and a dramatist, and there was nothing in the substance of it to make it live. And the same may be said of his speeches in the House of Commons. Mr. Rae, remarking on Sheridan's poverty and the temptations which it presented to trim his political career to suit his personal interests, betrays some simplicity in imagining that it is easy for a politician to change sides with advantage after he has once committed himself. Sheridan in the first instance chose the side which seemed to offer the best prospects—the side of the rising sun. He supported the Prince of Wales, and the Prince's friends; and on one occasion at least, as Mr. Rae himself acknowledges, his "in-

* *Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox: the Opposition under George the Third.* By W. F. Rae. London: Isbister & Co.

discretion" exposed him to a charge of intriguing against the leaders of his party in order to help the Tories to a renewed lease of power. He made himself the tool and toady of the Prince, and there can be no doubt that he expected to be paid for it.

Mr. Rae repeats the familiar accusation of ingratitude against the Regent and Sheridan's other friends, "who pompously helped to bury whom they helped to starve." Nothing can be plainer, however, than that Sheridan's destitution was owing to his own recklessness and extravagance; and it would also appear that it was by his own misconduct that he cut himself off from friendly intercourse with the Prince. Mr. Rae has been misled by the clap-trap of Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, and does not seem to be aware that Moore in his own *Diary* gives a very different version of the matter:—

1818, October 7.—Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland about Sheridan; told me the most romantic professions of honour and independence were coupled with conduct of the meanest and most swindling kind. . . . A proof of this mixture was that, after the Prince became Regent, he offered to bring Sheridan into Parliament, and said at the same time that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so; but Sheridan refused, because as he told Lord Holland, "he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him." Yet in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he told Lord Holland of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him 4,000*l.* to purchase a borough.

What happened (see *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 93) was, that the Prince gave 3,000*l.* to be applied to the purchase of a seat for Sheridan, and that Sheridan got the money, or the greater part of it, into his own hands, and used it for other purposes. The depth of Sheridan's distress was not at first suspected by his friends, nor was there any reason to suspect it. He was supposed to be still living in his house in Savile Row; and Moore himself when he called on him with 150*l.* from Rogers—a sum, Sheridan said, "sufficient to remove all difficulty"—found him looking very well and sanguine about the produce of his dramatic works. An article in the *Post* for the first time awakened attention to Sheridan's destitute position, and "its effect"—so says Moore himself—"was soon visible in the calls made at Sheridan's door, and in the appearance of such names as the Duke of York, and of Argyle, amongst the visitors." The Prince sent him by Mr. Vaughan, better known as "Hat Vaughan," 200*l.* as a temporary assistance, which was to be followed by more; a considerable part of this sum was spent in relieving Sheridan's immediate necessities; but the money was repaid two or three days afterwards with a message that Mrs. Sheridan's friends had taken care that Mr. Sheridan should want for nothing.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the third character in Mr. Rae's gallery. The story of Fox's life is sufficiently familiar, and perhaps the only point to be noticed in Mr. Rae's sketch is his endeavour to represent the historic chief of the Whigs as a Radical of the modern type.

THE BERKELEYS OF CHARLES II.'S REIGN.*

WHEN Mr. Carlyle a few years ago delivered his Inaugural Address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, he said a good word for the old peerage of England to the time of Charles I., and for Collins, the industrious biographer of peers. His own laborious experience, when he was reading far and wide for his Cromwell biography, had taught him the value of Collins's Peerage. "I got a great deal of help out of poor Collins. He was a diligent and dark London bookseller of about a hundred years ago, who compiled out of all kinds of treasury chests, archives, books that were authentic, and out of all kinds of things out of which he could get the information he wanted. He was a very meritorious man." The great Duke of Marlborough learnt all the English history he knew from Shakspeare's plays. Biography, and, in the natural course of things, chiefly peerage-biography, is another and excellent gateway to the same knowledge.

Several minor personages of the great ancient house of Berkeley figure in the Court and politics of Charles II.'s reign. Collins tells us all about them. There is great confusion among the index-makers to the memoirs and correspondence of this period between two Lord Berkeleys. One is the then head of the house, George, Baron Berkeley of Berkeley Castle, counting fourteenth Baron from Maurice (summoned as Baron to Parliament by Edward I. in 1295), and created Earl of Berkeley by Charles II. in 1679; the other is John, Lord Berkeley of Stratton, so created in 1658, the Royalist Sir John Berkeley of the Civil War, and directly descended from Sir Maurice Berkeley, younger brother of the second Baron. They were men of different characters. Both had great wealth.

George, Lord Berkeley of Berkeley Castle, was, at the age of thirty-three, selected to be one of six peers in the joint deputation from both Houses to wait on Charles II. at Breda on the eve of the Restoration and invite him into England. He was a pious man, a friend of learning, and a mild, easy-going, honest politician. He had been a friend of Oliver Cromwell, but had not entered his service. He was the intimate friend of John Evelyn. He is a

"noble author," having published a little work of religious meditations, which are neither profound nor brilliant, but show the amiable character of the man. The volume is dedicated, under the name of "Constans," to a Lady Honoria. Waller prefixed to the little work some verses of commendation, which do not appear in any collection of his poems. The unbelieving public, argued Waller, were indifferent to the mercenary religious teaching of clergymen, but feared the disinterested advocacy of a rich nobleman:—

Divines are pardoned; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend.
But the profane impatient are
When noble peers make this their care;
High birth and fortunes warrant give
That such men write what they believe.

Lord Berkeley's aunt had married Sir Robert Coke, the son and heir of Sir Edward, and his sister married Edward, the son and heir of Sir Robert; he thus became possessor of Sir Robert Coke's valuable library, which he presented to Sion College. Besides Berkeley Castle and a fine house in St. John's, Clerkenwell, he was the owner of a beautiful place near Epsom, Durdans, where he exercised a large and splendid hospitality. He was one of the grantees, with Shaftesbury and a few others, of Carolina, for which Locke drew a constitution, and of the Bahama Islands. Lord Berkeley is accused by Shaftesbury of desertion from his old friends in the House of Lords—the Liberal Opposition, headed by Shaftesbury, Buckingham, Holles, Halifax, and Wharton, at the time of their vigorous resistance to Lord Danby's Test Bill of 1675. Shaftesbury was the virtual author of an anonymous pamphlet published at this time, which has been erroneously ascribed to Locke. In this pamphlet we read—

If you ask after the Earl of Carlisle, the Lord Viscount Falconberg, and the Lord Berkeley of Berkeley Castle, because you found them not mentioned amongst all their old friends, all I have to say is that the Earl of Carlisle stepped aside to receive his pension, the Lord Berkeley to dine with the Lord Treasurer; but the Lord Viscount Falconberg, like the nobleman in the Gospel, went away sorrowful, for he had a great office at Court.—Letter from a Person of Quality to his Friend in the Country, in *Parliamentary History*, vol. iv. Appendix 5, and in Locke's *Works*, vol. x., 1812, 8vo.

Shaftesbury proceeds to twit Berkeley with having been Cromwell's friend, whom all would be surprised to see ranged on the side of arbitrary power. Lord Berkeley was not a man of great ability, but he was of a moderate temper, and far above being bribed. He was made a Privy Councillor in 1678. But on the remodelling of the Privy Council in April 1679 he was not retained in it; and he was made an Earl in the following September. When James II. succeeded, Lord Berkeley was appointed one of his Privy Council. He early declared for the Prince of Orange at the Revolution, and was immediately on the accession of William and Mary made one of their Privy Councillors. His quiet honourable life ended in 1698.

John, Lord Berkeley of Stratton, was a man of greater ability and less amiable character. The eldest son of Sir Charles Berkeley of Bruton, in Somersetshire, of a younger branch of the great Berkeley family, he served prominently in the military service of Charles I. at the outset of the Civil War, and with his father followed the royal fortunes till the Restoration. He was one of a Commission of commanders of the King's forces in Cornwall in 1643, and had a chief part in the brilliant victory of Stratton. He afterwards showed consummate generalship in Devonshire, and in the siege of Exeter; and in 1645 he was selected to command the siege of Taunton. His military reputation was of the highest, and Clarendon, who disliked him, has never directly disparaged it. When the King had fallen into the hands of the army, and was lodged at Hampton Court under their supervision, Sir John Berkeley was despatched from Paris by the Queen on a confidential mission having in view the King's extrication; he fell in at Hampton Court with John Ashburnham, a King's favourite, who had come to him on the same errand. Under Ashburnham's advice the King resolved to fly; Berkeley, who had not been consulted, obeyed the King's orders to attend his flight. Ashburnham and Berkeley between them put the King into the hands of Colonel Hammond, the Governor of the Isle of Wight. Then there was no escape for Charles. Ashburnham published a vindication of himself, and Berkeley did the same. Berkeley had the best of the controversy. He had not advised the King's flight, and was not privy to it till he received an order to attend; Ashburnham had undertaken to have a vessel ready to convey the King abroad, and the vessel was not forthcoming; it became a necessity to sound Hammond; and he was overborne by Ashburnham to consent to taking Hammond to the King's place of retreat, after having chivalrously offered to stay with Hammond while Ashburnham went to the King alone to consult him, Ashburnham having refused to stay, as Hammond desired, while Berkeley went. The unfortunate proceeding left no stain on Berkeley's character. After the death of the King, Sir John Berkeley, who was high in the Queen's favour, became governor to the Duke of York. He quarrelled with Clarendon, who always speaks ill of him in his *Memoirs*, and represents him as full of self-assertion and greatly exaggerating his services. But of his earlier military services there is no doubt. It is equally doubtless that he was not a man of over-delicate mind, and had a keen eye to fortune and advancement. His services were recognized by Charles II. by making him a peer in 1658. His father, Sir Charles Berkeley, was Comptroller of the Household and a member of the King's Privy Council. After the Restoration Lord Berkeley of Stratton was much employed, and he was clearly a man of much ability. He was made a Commissioner of the Navy. In 1664 he

* *Historical Applications and Occasional Meditations upon several Subjects*. Newly Reprinted, with Additions, being the Third Impression. By a Person of Quality [George, Lord Berkeley]. 1670.

Memoirs of Sir John Berkeley. Containing an Account of his Negotiation with Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Commissary-General Ireton, and other Officers of the Army, for Restoring King Charles I. to the Exercise of the Government of England. London. 1699.

was made one of Commissioners for the office of Master of the Ordnance, and also one of the Commissioners for Tangiers. He had had good pickings as Commissioner of the Navy, and boasted one day at a gathering of the navy officers in the august presence of the Lord High Admiral, that he had made 50,000*l.* by selling offices in three years and a half since the Restoration (*Pepys's Diary*, October 5, 1663). He was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1668, when Lord Roberts resigned. Bishop Burnet speaks ill of him. "He was a man bold and enterprising, on whom it appeared with how little true judgment Courts distribute favours and honours. He had a positive way of undertaking and determining in everything, and looked fierce and big, and was a very weak man and corrupt without shame or decency." So says Burnet, who in another passage mentions that he "seemed to lean to Popery." He was not charged with inclination to Popery in his administration of Ireland. In a debate on Irish affairs, February 18, 1674, one of the most fervid Protestants of the House of Commons spoke of Lord Berkeley as "a great stay to the Protestant religion in Ireland" (Sir W. Bucknall, in Grey's *Parliamentary Debates*, ii. 439). He had ceased to be Lord-Lieutenant in August 1672, and had been succeeded by the Earl of Essex. The reason of his recall had been insufficient pliancy in executing the wishes of the King and Buckingham for favour to the Roman Catholic interest. Burnet further says of him that he was "certainly very arbitrary in his temper and notions." If Burnet and his authority, Sir Ellis Leighton (not a very estimable character), are to be believed, there would be a proof of this in a story told to Burnet by Leighton, that in 1673, when the King was at issue with Lords and Commons about the Declaration of Indulgence and was forced to yield, "the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Berkeley offered to the King, if he would bring the army to town, that they would take out of both Houses the members that made the opposition" (*Own Time*, i. 348). There is no other authority for this statement. Leighton, brother of the exemplary Scotch bishop, was a keen Roman Catholic, and a parasite and tool of Buckingham. Lord Berkeley was at the time in some favour, and was appointed one of the major-generals of the army afterwards raised, which was to have been commanded in chief by Buckingham, but was ultimately placed under the chief command of Schomberg, against the Dutch. In 1675 Lord Berkeley was appointed one of the mediating Commissioners to the Congress of Nimueguen, Sir William Temple and Sir Leoline Jenkins being his colleagues. He died in 1678, before the termination of the Congress.

A younger brother of Lord Berkeley of Stratton was Charles Berkeley, a great favourite of the Duke of York and of the King. He was notorious as intermediary agent in the King's connexion with Lady Castlemaine. Pepys is told, December 15, 1662, that "Sir Charles Berkeley's greatness is only his being pimp to the King and to my Lady Castlemaine." Pepys also is told, July 31, 1663, that "Sir Charles Berkeley hath still such power over the King as to be able to fetch him from the Council Table to my Lady Castlemaine when he pleases." "It is wonderful," observes the same writer, May 15, 1663, "that Sir Charles Berkeley should be so great still, not with the King only, but Duke also; who did so stiffly reason that he had intrigued with her [the Duchess]." The King showered favours on him. He was made Privy Purse when Bennet was made Secretary of State. He was created Viscount Fitzharding in the Irish peerage, and soon after Earl of Falmouth in the peerage of England. Immoral peer-making had now violently set in. "In Charles I.'s time," says Mr. Carlyle, "it grew to be known or said that, if a man was by birth a gentleman, and was worth 10,000*l.* a year, and bestowed his gifts up and down among courtiers, he could be made a peer. Under Charles II. it went on with still more rapidity, and has been going on with ever-increasing velocity until we see the perfect break-neck pace at which they are now going. And now a peerage is a paltry kind of thing to what it was in those old times."

Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth, perished by the Duke of York's side on board the *Royal Charles*, in the first great victory of the first Dutch war, off the coast of Suffolk, June 3, 1665. Libertinism apart, he appears to have had good qualities, which commended him to the friendship of the able and high-minded Sir William Coventry, who highly praised him to Pepys for "his generosity, good nature, desire of public good, and low thoughts of his own wisdom, his employing his interest in the King to do good offices to all people, without any other fault than the freedom he do learn in France of thinking himself obliged to serve his King in his pleasures" (*Pepys's Diary*, August 30, 1668). On the death of Lord Falmouth the Irish peerage of Viscount Fitzharding went by a provision of the patent to his father, Sir Charles Berkeley, who held the post of Treasurer of the Household, and who lived for several years after.

There was another son, another brother of Lord Berkeley of Stratton, Sir William Berkeley, who rose in the navy to be an admiral, and bravely perished in the second great engagement of the first Dutch war on June 1, 1666. His ship, the *Swiftsure*, had not been seen in the fight, and nothing was known of her till the fight was over. She had got astray from the fleet, and fell early into the enemy's hands. Sir William Berkeley was killed before his ship was taken (*Pepys's Diary*, June 7, 8, 16, 1666). Dryden, in the *Annus Mirabilis*, where he gives a long poetical account of this battle, does special honour to Berkeley:—

They charge, re-charge, and all along the sea
They drive and squander the huge Belgian fleet;
Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet.

"Who nearest danger lay" were words introduced by Dryden in

the second edition of his poem. In the first edition he had said, "not making equal way." He probably thought that these words might be understood to convey a reflection on Berkeley, who had got astray, but not behind, and had not shirked the battle.

LONGFELLOW'S PROSE WORKS.*

NO satisfactory arrangement having as yet been found practicable for securing international copyright between England and the United States, the publishers of both countries are left to deal with the works of Transatlantic authors as may seem good to their individual consciences or tastes. Some firms recognize an honourable obligation, though no legal obligation exists, to obtain the consent of the writer whose works they desire to reproduce. Nor are commercial motives wholly wanting for such a course. The author can indeed confer no exclusive privilege, but the warranty and moral support of his sanction are something, and in the case of a new book early proof sheets are more. Another method is simply to convey to one's own use—"convey the wise it call"—the fruit of the stranger's labour as a matter of course and without remark or apology. This, we believe, is, to the credit of both nations, becoming less common than it was. There is yet a third way, which is to lay unauthorized hands on Transatlantic books with a cynical ostentation, either regarding the present state of things as one of avowed hostility in which it would be absurd to forego one's share of spoil, or following the occasional example of judges who, instead of tempering an inconvenient rule of law, push it to extreme consequences, so that its inconvenience may be forced upon the notice of the Legislature. Messrs. Chatto and Windus have adopted from their predecessor this last fashion of treatment of American books. The present edition of Mr. Longfellow's Prose Works is a somewhat striking example of the method, and as it does much more than pecuniary injustice to the author, it is well calculated to promote, so far as any one instance can do it, the laudable object of working up the grievances of men of letters on both sides of the ocean to an irresistible demand for international copyright. If in the meantime it were to drive Mr. Longfellow to issue a complete and authentic edition in self-defence, we should have sufficient reason to be thankful for it.

The injustice we refer to is of the following kinds. It is not fair to a living author to reproduce his earlier works without his consent or supervision. We cannot tell what alterations he might himself choose to make if he were consulted, or how much he might desire to reproduce at all. We can tell, indeed, in this particular instance, that the publication is to some extent not only without the author's consent, but against his will, for the English editor takes credit to himself for having "restored" two essays from the first edition; that is, for having republished what Mr. Longfellow himself has deliberately abstained from republishing. The editor may be of opinion that the suppressed chapters are the best things in the work, but the author is the only person entitled to judge of that. It is well known that Mr. Tennyson's poems have been much altered, and we believe that there are competent critics who prefer the earlier to the later forms of some pieces, and regret the total disappearance of others. But what should we say to an American publisher who got hold of the now scarce original edition of the poems and reprinted it without Mr. Tennyson's leave? So again Mr. Herbert Spencer has recast two or three of his works at different times, and, even apart from any question of copyright, we should hardly call it an exercise of legitimate industry for a Transatlantic enthusiast who preferred the earlier to the later statements of Mr. Spencer's philosophy to republish these treatises as they first stood. Another and perhaps greater hardship is the intrusion of an unauthorized editor and illustrator. If people must reprint American books without license, they might at least confine themselves to simple and unadorned reprinting. "The author of *Tennysonianism*" is so obliging as to furnish an introduction, in which he informs us that "no reputation was ever more spotless and unsullied in its character" than Mr. Longfellow's. We trust Mr. Longfellow will be duly grateful for the patronage of the author of *Tennysonianism*. If this means literary reputation, it is only an awkward and somewhat doubtful compliment, amplified by the following both clumsy and extravagant one, that "no man's writings have ever been so thoroughly pure and wholesome in their tendency." If it means personal reputation, it is something worse than a literary impertinence. Mr. Valentine W. Bromley, whoever he is, has brought the art of beautifying "thoroughly pure and wholesome" writings with thoroughly vulgar illustrations to a degree of perfection seldom equalled. The volume is in an ungainly form, partly due to its being stuffed out with pieces which, as we have said, the author himself has done his best to withdraw from the public, and with trifling fragments which we can hardly think he would have cared to insert. Altogether the publishers, the editor, and the illustrator appear to have spared no pains to disfigure Mr. Longfellow's work in its passage through their hands.

Having thus spoken, as we have thought it our duty to do, of the manner in which Mr. Longfellow's prose writings come before us, we are free to make the best use we can of the occasion of their being there, and to hope that their popularity—in other and, if possible, authorized editions—may continue to increase. Mr. Longfellow has been more fortunate in this country than other American writers of like versatility in getting a fairly equal recognition for all his works. Mr. Emerson has written poetry which is much to be admired in its kind, though it savours more of the Hindu

* *The Prose Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. London: Chatto & Windus.

or Greek pre-Socratic schools in which philosophy had not yet diverged from poetry than of modern lyrical fashions; but this, we imagine, is little known here in comparison with his prose. Mr. Lowell is a refined essayist, and—we venture to say it in his lifetime—a classical poet, but Mr. Lowell has for English readers almost extinguished himself with Hosea Biglow. But we have taken kindly from the first to Mr. Longfellow's prose as well as to his poetry; whether because his work is altogether of a more popular kind, or from some obscure motive determining the apparent caprice of the English reading public, it might be difficult to say. One thing in his favour, as far as the immediate present is concerned, is that he is less distinctively American than his compeers. He is a cosmopolitan who happens to have been born in New England and to write English. The same quality is present in others; but they have worked a cosmopolitan element into the American character without making it less American—doing, in fact, for their literature what Bacon advised every traveller to do for the improvement of his own mind and manners. With Mr. Longfellow the nationality is almost overlaid—we except, of course, his distinctly local and patriotic deliverances—and the internal evidence of his work would show him not to be an Englishman by the absence of English rather than by the presence of American tokens.

This particular quality of Mr. Longfellow's work has done him good service in *Hyperion*, which is deservedly the most successful of his prose works. In this he has caught the spirit of German romance, without any servile imitation, but with a faithfulness and appreciation which only a cultivated citizen of the world can bring to the study of a literature not his own, and, more than this, of the national character which produces the literature. The book is neither long nor ambitious; but it may claim to have naturalized a new type in English fiction. More than thirty years have passed since it was written; its popularity has stood the test of time, and it remains, so far as we know, without a rival on its own peculiar ground. Two or three passages call the reader's attention to the changes that have occurred since 1839, when *Hyperion* first appeared. We hear of Stolzenfels as a glorious ruin, and we envy those who were fortunate enough to travel on the Rhine before the castles were restored in modern sham Romanesque or sham Gothic, otherwise the *Rundbogenstyl* or the *Spitzbogenstyl*, as the case may be, according to the exhaustive dichotomy of Bäder. Also we find Interlaken considered quite a mountainous place, and the motion of glaciers spoken of as a thing dimly surmised. Had Paul Flemming been crossed in love at Interlaken in this generation he need not have fled to the Tyrol for distraction, but might have found ample change of scene and occupation in doing battle with the mountain giants of the Oberland. Before we leave *Hyperion* we should note that there is an occasional touch to make us remember that the hero is American, as where he compares speculative philosophies to roads in a Western forest which end in a squirrel track and run up a tree.

Mr. Longfellow's other tale is purely American. Although not equal to *Hyperion* in beauty or interest, *Kavanaugh* gives a picture of domestic life in New England which is quite worth having. The characters are ingeniously if not strongly drawn, and in sundry places there appears a sense of humour of which one would sometimes like to find a little more in Mr. Longfellow's poetry. This postscript to a letter from a good young man jilting his mistress (with expressions of the most proper esteem) has considerable excellence:—"P.S. The society is generally pretty good here, but the state of religion is quite low." An artistic advertisement which is elsewhere given is so good that we are inclined to suspect it of being founded on fact:—

"The subscriber professes to take profiles, plain and shaded, which, viewed at right angles with the serious countenance, are warranted to be infallibly correct.

"No trouble of adorning or dressing the person is required. He takes infants and children at sight, and has frames of all sizes to accommodate.

"A profile is a delineated outline of the exterior form of any person's face and head, the use of which when sent tends to vivify the affections of those whom we esteem or love.

"WILLIAM BANTAM."

The collection of notes of travel originally entitled *Outre-mer* is somewhat light and desultory, and, considering how many books of travel in all countries have been written since, we think it possible that Mr. Longfellow, if he had been consulted, would have preferred not to reproduce it. Still there is much pleasant reading in these chapters, especially in the Spanish portion.

There are also several essays on the poetry of European nations, extracted from a work in which they stand as prefaces to translations from the respective languages. It seems to us decidedly out of place to lump them into one volume with *Hyperion*. For the reasons already given we say nothing in detail of these, or of the other stray pieces gathered we know not whence to make up the book. Without at all implying that they would have any evil to fear from criticism, we must repeat that they are not properly before the critic, as Mr. Longfellow is in no way responsible for their present appearance.

HISTORICAL COMPENDIUMS.*

THE authors of small books written with the avowed purpose of imparting useful information seem, if we may judge from

* *A Compendium of English History, from the Earliest Times to A.D. 1872.* By Herbert R. Clinton. London: Chapman & Hall. 1874.

Facts and Features of English History. By John Hill. London: Marshall & Co. 1873.

the prefaces with which they usher the efforts of their genius into the world, to look on the possible readers of these books as divided into two classes. One set address themselves to those readers who are supposed to be eagerly bent on cultivating their minds with a view to making themselves more attractive as members of society; the other to those whose sole object in opening a book is to get help in passing some one or other of the dreaded examinations which bar the way to their future prospects of promotion or subsistence. Without having either of these objects in view, no one is expected to read anything but novels. The old-fashioned way of looking at learning of any sort, however humble, as something good in itself, the notion that there can be any pleasure in knowing something which we did not know before, seems to be fast fading out of sight altogether. Both the books now before us are unblushingly announced by their authors as belonging to the cramming class. Both offer themselves as aids to candidates whom a hard fate dooms to the fiery ordeal of being examined, and both sound the trumpet of their own praise in proclaiming that they contain all that a candidate is required to know. But of the two, the *Compendium of English History*, although much higher in its aim, is decidedly lower in its performance, than its humbler brother, the *Facts and Features of English History*. The "Compendium" is clearly put together by a professional crammer. Mr. Clinton seems to have found his pupils too restive to go through even the small amount of reading to be found in the ordinary text-books. For their benefit, then, he has put together a volume of three hundred pages so closely crammed with the names of people and places that at first sight it looks very much like an almanack or directory. Its object may be best explained in the words of the compiler. It is intended, he tells us,

to give both the chronological order of events and such an arrangement of facts as may best impress the memory and convey clear notions of English history, and also, by quotations from recognized authorities, to enable those who have not the time or opportunity to go beyond manuals, to form an estimate of the value of important events.

Each reign is arranged in three sections. The first gives an Account of the Sovereign—his parentage, issue, claim to the succession, &c., and an estimate of his character by an authority on the period.

These "quotations" are thickly sprinkled over every page, and the novel idea of introducing them seems to afford Mr. Clinton much pride and pleasure, as being a new and winning way of coaxing the dullest dolts into a seeming acquaintance with the writings of those who in his eyes are the authorities best worth consulting on English history. As Mr. Clinton does not venture to put forth any opinions of his own, it is by these quotations that we must judge him, and try to find out what his views of English history may be. An odder and more incoherent jumble than these same quotations make, we have seldom seen. All books seem to be alike to Mr. Clinton, provided they bear the watchword English History on the title-page. Of the relative value of the different authorities whom he quotes, of the discoveries brought to light by the researches of students of our own day, he appears to have no idea whatever. Nor does he seem able to see the absurdity of mixing up passages from writers who directly contradict one another. Extracts from authors of the most opposite views jostle each other in his pages without a word of guidance or note of warning to help the perplexed "candidates" to choose between them.

These quotations, too, are nearly as remarkable for what they leave out as for what they put in. We should hardly have expected to find a writer of the present day who professes to teach English constitutional history, and yet who has clearly never heard of Professor Stubbs, and who talks a great deal about the Saxons and does not take one of his quotations from Kemble. Nor can he ever have read Allen on the Royal Prerogative, or he could not help knowing better than to give the following definition of Folk-land and Boc-land:—

The land was divided into Folk-land,—

"occupied by the common people, yielding rent or other service, and perhaps without any estate in the land but at the pleasure of the owner" (*Hallam*);

and Boc-land (or Book-land),—

"held in full propriety and might be conveyed by *boc* or *written grant*. . . . Boc-land was divisible by will; it was equally shared among the children; it was capable of being entailed by the person under whose grant it was originally taken; and in case of a treacherous or cowardly desertion from the army, it was then forfeited to the Crown" (*Hallam*).

Still more droll is it to find quotations from Palgrave and from Mr. Freeman side by side with others from Thierry, setting forth those false views of the relations of Normans and English which the two former writers have so completely overthrown. No doubt Thierry was all very well in his own day; but now that increased light and knowledge have proved how mistaken his theories are, to return to them after having some slight knowledge, or at least the means of acquiring knowledge, of better things, cannot but remind us of the homely proverb of the sow that was washed and yet still indulged her taste for wallowing in the mire. But Mr. Clinton's mind is clearly a sort of weathercock that veers about with the breeze caused by turning the pages of each different book as he opens it. In his first chapters he appears to have some faith in those writers of our own day who are striving to establish the identity of their own nation with itself, and who have at last succeeded in getting people to believe that the English never could be anything but English; but by the time he gets to the reign of John he impresses on the minds of his pupils the opinion of Macaulay, printed in his most impressive type too, that with Magna Charta

"commences the history of the English nation." Mr. Clinton clings, too, to the old-fashioned and unmeaning term Anglo-Saxon; indeed it is so grateful to his ear that he coins for himself, after the same model, the still more ridiculous compounds "Anglo-Norman" and "Anglo-Scottish." The former he applies to the Norman and Angevin Kings indiscriminately, the latter to the House of Stuart when seated on the English throne.

For the later reigns Mr. Clinton has no ideas beyond Hume, Froude, and Stanhope. It does not seem to have yet struck him that the writers who lived and wrote in each several reign might perhaps know more about that reign than those who came after them, and that the stories told and the portraits drawn by such men as Clarendon and Walpole might be more lively and sparkling when springing fresh from the original source than after they have been filtered through the minds of others. Nor are Mr. Clinton's notions of events that have happened under his very eyes much less foggy than his views on the doings of days gone by. For instance, in the first year of Victoria, we learn that "Louis Napoleon (III.) takes refuge in London." Of course we naturally ask who Louis Napoleon the First and Second were, and we are inclined to think that even Mr. Clinton himself would find it hard to give us a coherent answer. Even the most ardent Bonapartist could scarcely make good the claim of Louis Napoleon to any title whatever at that part of his life; and certainly neither the first Napoleon nor the Duke of Reichstadt would own to the Louis. As regards one most important event in modern French history, however, Mr. Clinton is not so much in the dark as Englishmen mostly are, for he has found out that the *Coup d'état* did not happen in the same year as the abdication of Louis Philippe. He is not so well up in German matters either of an earlier or of a more recent date. He still bows to the superstition that there have been Emperors of Germany, and he supposes the present Emperor William to be their representative and to bear their title:—

Francis II. emperor of Germany (successor of Leopold II. 1792) dropped the Imperial title, and styled himself "Francis I. of Austria," 1806. The title of "emperor of Germany" was revived by the king of Prussia, William I., in 1871.

We would counsel Mr. Clinton when next he takes a holiday trip to choose Germany as the scene of his wanderings, and to scan carefully any groschen or gulden that may come within his ken. He will find that, if the image they bear be that of the Emperor William, the superscription will describe him as "*Deutscher Kaiser König von Preussen*."

The "Compendium" is enlarged by genealogical tables, and a complete list of what are called "*British Battles and Sieges*." The scenes of the greater part of the battles and sieges named in this list must be sought, it seems to us, in any other country than Britain. It is clear that to Mr. Clinton the word British can have no meaning whatever, for he applies it indiscriminately to the defeat of the Picts and Scots by the Romans at the imaginary Mons Grampius, to the victories of Æthelstane at Brunanburh, of William at Hastings and of Robert at Gerberoi, of Bruce at Bannockburn, of Dutch William at the Boyne, and of Marlborough at Blenheim. We cannot part from the "Compendium" without expressing our disapproval of the pretentious and really hurtful class of books to which it belongs. Such books do harm not only to the authors of whose writings small scraps are here cited with about as much intelligence as is shown in the choice of motley texts to adorn pious almanacs, but to the minds of the candidates for whom they have been prepared, by strengthening in them the conviction that to outwit examiners by a clever pretence of knowing something of which they are ignorant is all that is required of those who present themselves for examination. As for Mr. Clinton himself, his quotations, which we take it were intended to advertise the extent and amount of his reading, have only shown his lack of knowledge of his subject, and his utter incapacity to see the difference between one writer who is an authority on that subject and another who is not.

A short time since, when treating of certain other small books, we were rash enough to express a wish that we might be favoured with a sight of the "*Facts and Features of English History*," which form part of the same series. Some malicious fairy must have overheard that wish, for we now find this very book swelling the pile of small histories which it seems hopeless ever to think of getting through. But the "*Facts and Features*" is a book of a much humbler and a less mischievous class than the "Compendium." It is merely a reading-book, intended for use in National Schools; and instead of the hopeless attempt to cram all the principal events in English history into one small volume, which has hitherto been the fashion with little books of this class, each reign is represented by a short life of some person who acted a conspicuous part in it, or by a description of some event specially characteristic of the tendency or spirit of the times. Between these Reading Lessons are lists of the chief events of each reign with the dates. These little chronicles are called "Memory Exercises"; but certainly, if the children for whom they are intended are not told something more about the battles, treaties, invasions of foreign countries or rebellions at home, and so forth, than the mere bare names to be found here, we cannot help thinking that their memories will suffer less by forgetting than by remembering them. As a further aid to memory, the Appendix contains a set of historical tables which the author tells us "have been specially compiled with a view to meeting the requirements of Civil Service, College, or other professional examinations."

As we turn over the pages of these "*Facts and Features*," we cannot help noticing the great improvement which has of late years taken place in such historical milk for babes. Little by little the old nonsense is being swept away, and the results of the labours of our great historians are making their way downwards even to the very low level of National School books. The old myths, and, still worse, the old prejudices, are not however quite dislodged. Among other evidences of this we find a victory of Arthur's set down among other facts to be learned by heart. In the life which is chosen as best suited to set forth the characteristics of the reign of Henry II., that of St. Thomas of Canterbury, he is described as the "first of English descent who after the Conquest rose to any considerable eminence in the State." Here both the "fact" and the "feature" are decided blunders. On what grounds could Thomas, the son of Norman parents, be called English by "descent," whatever claim to the title his birthplace might give him? As for the implied "feature"—the deadly hatred between the two races—that feeling, as has been clearly shown by the latest and best authorities on the subject—certainly did not last down to the reign of the second Henry.

NO ALTERNATIVE.*

THERE are many proverbial phrases which express the hopeless difficulty of certain tasks; spinning ropes out of sea-sand is one, and looking for a needle in a bottle of hay is another. We might add Mrs. Pender Cudlip's attempts at constructing a reasonable novel as an illustration of the one, and of the other her artistic qualifications for writing novels at all. We have ceased to wonder at this lady's facile rapidity of production. Given the command of a hundred and fifty or two hundred words—a liberal allowance for our present author—and the mechanical power of transcribing them, and there is no reason why we should not have libraries full of such books as that before us, or why the author should not throw off her twenty pages daily with no more mental effort than it takes to write out a washing bill or to scribble a batch of notes to a few intimate friends. Such works as *No Alternative* cost nothing in the way of intellectual effort. They are innocent of all traces of thought or study; they are only crude first ideas put down on paper anyhow, without reflection or revision. Plot, character, circumstance, diction, are equally wanting; and we look in vain for anything to warrant the existence of the book.

Beginning with the elementary vice of all Mrs. Pender Cudlip's work, *No Alternative* is no freer from slang and no purer in grammar than its predecessors. To call a man "a bad egg" may be a playful way of expressing conviction of his worthlessness, but it is not a savoury simile; when a young lady, defending herself from the charge of flirting, assures her sister that "a dog that could stand on his hind legs and do the steps and save me from banging against other people would have done just as well as this Mr. Ferrier," we can take our choice between playfulness and vulgarity; and the same may be said when she surmises that a man would have to "sheer off" because of certain circumstances connected with the family were he to fall in love with this sister. But we do not see how judgment can be elastic in regard to such sentences as "whom they were," the feminine fuses which are "ceded up" to women as their precious rights by the nobler sex, and "Doctor Greyling, pleased with his breakfast, pleased with the way he had put the remarks which had silenced his wife," &c. Also Harty's hypothesis is somewhat more clumsily put than we fancy Blair or Murray would have approved:—"If we had one of us been a boy instead of a girl, mamma would have had something to totter against for support." And when Mrs. Vernon rises and "takes sights over Mabel's shoulder at the hat and coat, and boots, and stick of the welcome invader," we know with whom we have to deal, and how far superior to the arbitrary rules of refinement and syntax are Mrs. Pender Cudlip and her questionable school.

The characters of *No Alternative* match their verbal setting. We have as the central group Mr. and Mrs. Devenish, with the two daughters of the wife by a former marriage, Harty and Mabel Carlisle. Round these revolve two handsome young men as the primary satellites, and a host of secondary luminaries not specially noticeable. Mr. Devenish is a weak and peevish *malade imaginaire*, adored by his invertebrate wife, cosseted by Mabel, the typically sweet and considerate, but not genuinely unselfish, home-staying girl; hated and quarrelled with by Harty, the heroine, who understands his character better than the others, and who has suffered by his misconduct. One fancies that Mrs. Pender Cudlip may have got her idea of Mr. Devenish from the character of the father in Mr. Albery's play of the *Two Roses*, to which it has a strong resemblance; also perhaps she may have had a glimmering recollection of what the reviews said of Miss Mitford's father, and so produced a personage who, she says, is possessed of considerable powers of fascination, although she has ingeniously contrived to hide every trace of the charm. Why Mr. Devenish's wife should love him as she does is one of the many mysteries with which such work as this abounds. Besides being weak and peevish, selfish, ill-tempered, and profoundly disagreeable, Mr. Devenish is also dishonest. He committed a theft, and then contrived to throw the blame on a fine young fellow of the regiment, who cut his throat rather than

* *No Alternative*. A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), Author of "*Denis Donne*," &c. &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, 1874.

face the inquiry and prove his innocence. He was thus morally guilty of Frank Ferrier's death; the young fellow "as handsome as a star," who was half-brother to one of Harty's lovers, and loved like a brother by the other. But apparently no one in the family knows the infamy of Mr. Devenish save Harty, though why it was not made public is not very clear. So much of it, however, was known that Mr. Devenish was forced to sell out and beat a retreat into obscure and distant quarters; and that Harty broke off her engagement with Claude Powers for the not very intelligible reasons that she would not marry if she could not see her mother, that Claude naturally enough declined to know Mr. Devenish, and that Mrs. Devenish was such a poor creature that she would not have visited even her daughter if it was unpleasant to her adored Edward. Thus Harty loses her lover for the sake of a mother to whom she is not in any way necessary, who does not care for her especially, and to whom her absence would have been a relief as causing the cessation of daily bickering between herself and her stepfather. We may have overlooked other qualifying clauses which make the *No Alternative* of the title a feasible peg on which to hang the plot. We do not pledge ourselves to accuracy; for the story is told in a queer backwards and forwards kind of way—now this fact in the past touched on, and now that enigma in the present half explained—so that we confess we laid down the book a little bewildered about the various points of junction and departure, and not very clear as to how it all happened, and why it came about as it did.

If Mrs. Devenish is molluscous, Mr. Devenish feebly fiendish, and Mabel prettily false and caressingly selfish, Harty is the author's favourite presentation of feminine faultiness redeemed by the one sole quality of straightforwardness. Of course she is not pretty, but her face is described in the following extract:—

A face that was partially framed by a lot of loosely-arranged, fluffy, bronzed, brown hair. A face in which a pair of weary-looking hazel eyes were deeply set under dark, clearly-defined brows. A face that was too nervously mobile for beauty, but that one looked at again and again as it changed from grave to gay, from domineering to penitential, from pleading to pretty imperiousness. A face that would tell its owner's story all too plainly for her welfare. A face that could most surely win many to hate, and some to love her, in either case very far from wisely, and in either case very much too well.

A face that was rapidly, succinctly, and satisfactorily summed up and described by Mrs. Greyling.

"Nothing to talk about one way or the other; that's one comfort in a place like this, where young men are so apt to be led away by anything new; darker by a shade than any of my girls—though their carelessness about sunburn is enough to make one marvel that any one can undertake the duties of a mother, I'm sure."

With this remarkable face she naturally makes all the men in love with her, taking them in turn—Claude Powers, Jack Ferrier, and Bertie Maitland; but failing somehow to secure one of the three. We have seen something of how it happened with Claude, who of course lives near Dillsborough, where the Devenishes come on their retreat from the world which knew them in the days of Mr. Devenish's crime. They meet him in the society of the place, which has opened its doors frankly to these strangers; and the love affair between him and Harty is renewed. As far as we can make out Harty is as madly in love with him as she ever was, and we have wan faces, and mute, beseeching, pleading eyes, and resolute self-victories to any extent; but through them all the one fact of the girl's passion for the man, and the man's passion for the girl, remains plainly visible. But there is another luminary revolving in the same orbit as Claude Powers—his friend Jack Ferrier. Is it to be supposed that such paltry considerations as loyalty or propriety would be suffered to interfere with the instincts and inclinations with which Mrs. Pender Cudlip endows her characters? Jack Ferrier falls in love with Harty, whom his best friend, Claude, adores; and Harty, trying her best to win Claude, falls in love with Jack Ferrier, and throws over the old sweetheart for the new with as little compunction, and apparently with as little difficulty, as a woman has in casting aside an old glove. Her state of mind in the earlier stage of her change is thus expressed:—

Meanwhile, demure, as she paced along between the two men, she was in a very tempest of agitation, doubt, and bewilderment, and (it must be written) of flattered, fluttering vanity. She was no impossible monster of perfection, this poor little tossed-about heroine of mine. She was essentially human, therefore very faulty, and very lovable, and the conduct of her two companions taught her clearly that she was this latter thing, and well she liked the teaching.

She caught herself comparing them, contrasting them, defining delicate points of resemblance and difference between them, as they tried to talk lightly and easily about commonplace things, leaving her the while in silence mercifully. And it never does answer to contrast or to compare two people together whom we have hitherto thought we liked equally well, and were equally well worthy of our liking. It never does answer. One must lose, and as a rule, the one who loses is the one we have believed in the most blindly and fondly hitherto.

The end of this definition of "delicate points of resemblance and difference between them" is her engagement with Jack, whom she then has to enlighten not only as to the part her stepfather had played in the bloody tragedy of his half-brother, but also as to the part she herself had played with his friend Claude, and how she had led him on and made him believe that she still loved him and him only, up to the very day when she engaged herself to his friend; and how, in fact, she was a demon of deception at one moment and an angel of truth the next. And when he heard her, Jack, who would not have minded her flirting, saying, "A girl may be as straight as a die, and yet get into a dozen fixes of that sort," but who "couldn't stand in any woman I thought of for

a wife" that she should have "led a fellow on with lies, and then thrown him over," gives her up on the spot; and we cannot but think he is to be congratulated on his decision. In the end Claude Powers marries Mabel, for whom the author has evidently a strong disdain; and Jack Ferrier marries Agnes Greyling, of whom we see but little save a certain directness in the earlier pages that might be the result of honesty or of hardness, according to the quality of the young lady's own mind. When Harty hears from Jack that he is going to be married—"and Jack told it out in his practical way, just as he would have told the tale of going out to dinner"—she is first breathless with physical agony, and then holds out her hand; "and he, fervently wishing that he could marry both, or not marry at all, took it, and felt it wreathing itself about like a living serpent in his grasp." When he tells her that he is going to marry Agnes Greyling, "she spoke out her words"—one of which was that she "would just as soon think of sending a message full of kindly feeling to Calcraft if he were going to hang me, as of sending one to Agnes Greyling, now that I know you are going to marry her." It is to be hoped that no silly girl who reads Mrs. Cudlip's stories will hold herself justified in following Harty Carlisle's example, and that, if she meets a man who was to have married her but is now going to marry some one else, she will not "tell the truth hotly, intemperately, feelingly," even though, like Harty, she has afterwards grace enough to be ashamed of herself, and to wish she had not done it. We confess that we do not like Mrs. Cudlip's work. Shallow and egotistical, it moves in one narrow sphere, and one only. It is destitute of generous aims and lofty motives; it is simply a plea for the indulgence of society to the frailty of women, a plea founded on nothing deeper than the niceness of naughtiness. Charity might be urged on nobler grounds; and frailty has a more pathetic side than any of those presented by such books as *No Alternative*.

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